



Alderman Whittington *afflicted with the Gout*



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THE
Art of Cuckoldom :
OR, THE
INTRIGUES
OF THE
City-Wives.



L O N D O N :
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T H E

Art of Cuckoldom, &c.

INTRIEGUE I.

T H E R E was a very pretty young Virgin Gentlewoman, whose whole Patrimony was her Face, together with a very handsome competency of Wit, the bounty of Nature on one part, and a genteel Education bestow'd her by her Friends on the other. For to tell Truth, Providence had not been over generous in any other worldly Capacity: Not but that so much Beauty deserved a fair and ample Fortune, suitable to her other Accomplishments, and indeed she was Born to such a one, had not the over profuseness of a prodigal Parent (her Fathers sower Grapes) imbitter'd her unlucky Circumstances, and thereby intail'd some Frowns in the World upon her, her forementioned Education being indeed the whole Portion she had left her.

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This

This young Lady a little turn'd of Sixteen, (an Age that generally furnishes the fair Sex with some little speculative Knowledge into the great Work of their Creation, the End they were Born for,) felt an extraordinary Passion for a young Gentleman on this side Twenty, a very zealous Adorer of hers; and one that (not to render the conquer'd Virgin a Prize too easie) had fairly Sieged her Heart, and had as nobly won it.

But for another Persecution of Fortune; this Gentleman a younger, or rather youngest Brother, of not an over-Rich, though otherwise Honourable Family, had as little to trust to, or expect from the unkind World as his Mistress. For as she had only her Eyes and Charms to raise her Fortunes in it, so he had little else but his Sword to raise his; a Commission abroad, or perhaps some Court-favour at home, being indeed the whole Foundation of his Hopes.

These unhappy Obstacles to their Felicity being duly considered, especially on the Ladies side, (not but she lov'd him to a hight, even to run all Hazards for his sake;) she durst not, or rather would not Marry him, out of a principle of pure Affection; as well remembering an old Proverb, *That when Poverty comes in at the Door, Love creeps out at the Window*; insomuch that, that only Check, viz. Her loving him too well to run the risque of loving him less, restrain'd her Inclinations from so dangerous a push as Matrimony.

All Things being thus duly weigh'd, she took an occasion one day with her kind Arms round his Neck, and a dropping Pearl in her Eye, to burst out into an extravagant Complaint against the cruelty of their Stars, that such true Love as theirs should be excluded from the Bed of Honour, *Marriage*: That she was intirely his own, her Love, her Life, and what not. However, she cou'd no ways consent to a long miserable Life, (for that wou'd be their Nuptial Portion) only for a few short liv'd Bridal Joys —— with infinite more tender Expressions upon this Melancholy Subject.

The young Lover who in all his Passion for so darling a Mistress, was still Master of some Reason also, cou'd not but acquiesce in the Justice of her Complaints and the mutual Resentments of both their Misfortunes, under this cruel Bar to their Felicities.

Some little Time after it happen'd that a very eminent Merchant in *Lime-street*, of the reverend Age of Fifty Eight, was Captivated with this young Fair One; a Man of a true City Complexion, Naturally very Jealous, and as Naturally Covetous, being a Person of a very low Extract, though otherwise blest with the extraordinary Smiles of the World, having heaped together more than double an Aldermans Estate.

This superannuated *Inamorato*, being now entred into the Rivals List to our young Gallant, makes his bold and open-Addresses to the fair *Phillis* (let that pass for her Name:) For though

the disparity of their Age might have rendred him a more modest Intruder ; Nevertheless, as Wealth never wants Front, the consideration of that single Advantage so amply atoned for all other Imperfections, that well knowing his Endowments that way, he accosted her with all the Courage of an Heroick Lover.

This new Victory was no sooner obtain'd, but her first *Iopean* was founded in her young Gallants Ears : She immediately run to her dear *Strephon* (for so we'll call him) big with the Triumph of so doughty a Conquest as her new *Lime-street* Captive. As formidable a Rival as his City Figure might make him ; nevertheless, so antiquated a Pretender to so young a Bed-fellow, created no great Jealousies on the young *Strephon's* Side. But to shorten this heaviest part of our History, the young Lovers in an Amorous Consult between 'em, come to this Resolve, *viz.* That the Man of Gold shall carry the Dame : She shall Marry our grave Citizen, and her contented *Strephon* wear the Willow. However, not to make a too mortifying Divorce between the young Lovers, 'tis agreed ; that the Virgin Prize, *viz.* The First-Fruits of Love shall be *Strephon's*, and the old Gentleman shall only be admitted Tenant to her Reversion. In short, she'll condescend to make a City Husband of one, and a Court Friend of the other ; the good old Gentleman, the titular Lord of the Soyl, like old *Jupiter*, shall shower Gold into her *Danae's* Lap, and *Strephon* shower Love.

Accordingly all reasonable Advances are made on her side, to her Small-Ware Merchant, her *Lime-street* humble Servant. His Addressee are favourably heard, his Suit received, and the Preliminaries soon settled for the great, and now easy, Work of Consummation; easy indeed, for the happy *Strephon* has opened the *Blooming-Rose*, done his aged Rival that Favour, that the Bridal Night Drudgery, is not like to be too hard a tug for his Fifty eight. Thus whilst all three Parties are rapt up in equal Felicities, the young Wantons in their substantial Joys, and the old Fondling in his imaginary *Paradise*, the nuptial Day and the bridal Robes are all fixt and prepared: Our *Strephon* and *Phillis* having first Sworn an inviolable Correspondence, the Golden *Fleece* to be at his faithful Service, as often as 'tis possible to lull the watchful *Dragon* to give 'em the Opportunity.

To pass over the matrimonial Ceremony; for indeed 'tis little else but Ceremony; at least on the feminine side: After she has received all the congratulatory Compliments from the most eminent City Matrons, and took her Seat of Honour amongst them, suitable to the Dignity of the fair Partner of Magistracy, the Bride of such an Honourable Metropolitan-Member; After her first due provision of all Perquisites of State, Equipage and Grandeur, equal to her Character; The next and indeed most important Study, is the performance of Covenants with her dear *Strephon*, for as to her Vows at Home,

she left them at the Altar. Love is resolved to make strong Work here, whatever Cobweb Lawn it makes there.

But now under her nuptial Yoke she sees a great part of her Hopes defeated ; 'tis almost impossible for her to find that happy Minute of meeting her *Strephon* : For her doating City Sir Politick is so fond, or at least so cautious of such young Flesh, that he is never out of her Sight. 'Tis true, she keeps a Coach, but she can never go abroad in it, without his Luggage to load it : If she pretends to go to Church, he is in earnest with her there ; and whatever Powers she prays to, he resolves she shall never be upon her Knees without him. If she pretends a Visit to any Relation of what Degree or Sex soever, 'tis a downright Affront to his Years and Person to be left behind her ; so that she must either carry him along with her, wherever she goes ; Or, plainly tell him, she is either ashamed of him, or has Designs upon him, which is neither consistent with her Honour, nor the great Game she has to Play ; for the Hope of a Rich Widowhood will not permit her to put any Sights upon him, lest it might endanger his Death-Bed good Graces, and a kind last Will and Testament. In fine, it was a full Month (which Lovers call an Age) before she could have one half Hour with her dear *Strephon*, and that very difficultly obtained.

What use was made of the short Minutes, the Reader may guess. But more particularly they

they laid this Plot together, that her Spark being of a perfect Beau shape, fair Complexion'd, and as yet wholly Beardless, he should Dress himself in Womens Apparel, and by passing for a dear Country she-Cozen of hers (to whose admission it should be her Business to pave his way) he should be received into her House; and by Living under her Roof, have all the private Hours of stoln Delight, that their own Hearts could Wish. This Design so well laid was decreed for speedy Execution, the Lady equipping him with a fair Yellow-lined Purse (a small Token of her brighter Golden Favours in store) to furnish him with all the Feminine Accoutrements requisite, &c.

Accordingly, about Six Days after, by which time the young Spark had not only rig'd himself *Capapee* for a *Virago*, but also practis'd some necessary Graces in his Looking glass, more cleverly to carry on the Masque; and likewise his kind *Phillis* had rapt up her believing Spouse into wonderful expectations of a visiting Cozen of hers shortly look'd for in Town: With this preparation the bonny Lass makes her Entry into our Alderman's Roof, with all the welcome Reception imaginable. Her Lodging Apartment is immediately very Respectfully, and no less Prudently provided, being a large Room on the same Floor, only a Stair-head between that and her new City Cozen's the Alderman's Bed-chamber. By this Domestick freedom how many riotous Joys were tasted, though no set Feasts of Love, but only

so many running Banquets (a snap and away) may easily be imagined. However, as our *Phillis's* whole Extasies were all bounded in her *Strephons* Embraces, it was a little shackle upon her Delights, to think that she could no ways furnish out more plentiful Revels, viz. A whole Nights Regale in those darling Arms. However, the two Lovers contriv'd a very pretty Stratagem to gain that Enjoyment. For which purpose one Evening by a small flight of Hand she conveyed a small quantity of Jallop into the Alderman's Supper-broth, which Operating as soon as ever he came to Bed, the poor Man was forced to rise several Times in the Night, which unseemly mischance made him so ashamed, as well as surprized at the suddenness of the Indisposition, that with a kind of a Blush, to have so tender and Nice a Stomach as his young Brides offended by so unsavory a Society, as his at present is; he desired her to make bold with her Cozens Bed for that Night, whilst his Servants sat up with him, and some learned Assistance was called from abroad to take care of him.

The poor young Lady with a great deal of Tendernefs for him, and passionate concern at this sudden Irruption, was very hardly prest to desert him in this Condition, till his absolute Commands compelled her to withdraw; and accordingly, she trips over to her expecting *Strephon*, where we'll leave her to as little Sleep as her sick Man she left behind her, the operations of warm Love on this side affording as little

little time for Rest here, as the Jallop does there. 'Tis true she has the Misfortune now and then to hear some unmusical Gruntings and Grumblings, from the tother side of the Stair-head, a very melancholy Discord to her tender Ears, had not some sweeter Harmony in her *Strephons* Embraces a little softened those ungrateful sounds, together with the private Tiltillation of so successful an Intrigue.

All Matters thus go on rarely : This ravishing Night on the young Lovers side has eased a great many hideous Sighs and Longings, now all amply satisfied by this favourable occasion. In short, not a shadow of Suspicion disturbs their mutual Joys. Nay, not only the old Gentleman's, but likewise another younger and more penetrating Rival's Eyes are deluded by this Female Masque of the happy *Strephon*. For I had forgot to tell my Reader, that our *Phillis's* Charms had captivated our Merchant's elder Prentice, a young Spark within Three Months out of his Time, and by Birth a Gentleman, a very accomplisht Youth ; who to tell the Truth, from the first Day of his Masters Marriage, had not only entertained an extraordinary Veneration for his fair young Mistress, but likewise naturally imagining that such dry Bones as her old Husband, could not be over-extraordinary satisfactory to such young Veins ; had one Day assumed the confidence to Breathe a few passionate Sighs to her, and to throw himself a perfect Adorer at her Feet. 'Tis true the Fair Offended gave him but a cold Answer,
and

and perhaps reprimanded him very severely for so bold an Attempt, against so much Virtue and Honour, as could not but be highly profaned by such insolent Language. However, this Repulse had not wholly dash'd him; but that he both continued his Devoirs, and perhaps not wholly despaired of a more smiling Beam, that might one Day shine a little warmer upon him; not at all doubting, but as loursing an Ascendent as her rigid Virtue yet held, that still she was Flesh and Blood, and that the present fond Hony-moon of her cold Fifty Eight, would not last always.

As prying a Hawks Eye as this more dangerous Critick might have upon her; yet still, as I said before, neither our young *Strephon's* Behaviour or Deportment had any thing that in the least look'd like Masculine; so very artfully was the fair Imposture carried on.

One Afternoon a little time after, it fell out, that the young Lady was called to a City Ma-rrons, an eminent Neighbours Labour. And as this particular occasion gave her the freedom of going abroad, unhaunted by her troublesome Persecutor; she whispered her dear *Strephon* in the Ear, that as in all likelyhood she should return pretty late in the Night, when the good Man would be asleep, so in Compliment to him, she was resolv'd at her return to slip to Bed to her dear Cozen, upon pretence that at so unseasonable an Hour, she was afraid she might hazard the Waking him, and so breaking his Rest.

The

The fair Cozen to make all due preparation for so dear a Bed-fellow, took the occasion that Evening to pretend some small Indisposition, and so went to Bed a little sooner than ordinary, with a design to have taken a short Sleep before hand, to be the better Fortified for those sprightlier waking Hours she should have occasion to melt in Raptures afterwards.

The young *Strephon* having thus bid good Night; it fell out that a young Girl a Neice of the old Gentleman's, that lived somewhere towards *Westminster*, a very honest poor Creature, whose whole Fortunes depended upon her rich Uncles gracious Favour, came to pay her Duty to her honourable Uncle and Aunt; the Aunt being at that time abroad, and consequently that part of her duteous Devoirs yet unpaid, the old Gentleman resolved she should stay all Night, as being uncertain of her Aunts return. And not to make any Ceremony with making another Bed for her, by way of good Husbandry and saving that trouble, he resolved to make bold with his Wives Cozen's, who was just gone to Bed before; being withall charged that she should disturb the young Ladies Rest as little as possibly she could, because she was gone a little Indisposed to Bed.

The poor Innocent Girl, without any more Attendance than a Candle in her own Hand to light her up, accordingly prepares for Bed, where entring very softly, she finds the young
Lady

Lady fain fast asleep, and therefore in Obedience to her Commission, the Bed being large, and the young Lady lodged on the further side, she pulls off her Cloaths and puts out her Light, and creeps very silently into Bed, as cautious of Waking the sleeping Lady.

By this time the whole Family were all gone to Bed, excepting a small Domestick that waited below for the return of the Mistress from her Christian Visit abroad. The young *Westminster* Lass was no sooner in Bed, but, what by Virtue of a good Supper of somewhat better Fare than her own Commons at home, together with the Fatigue of a long Foot-walk from *Charing-cross* to *Lime-street*, was fain into a very sound Sleep. At this time the young *Strephon* waking, and his roving Arms being the first Member that moved, he felt a soft Bedfellow lodged by him; hereupon being not only Transported to find his dear *Phyllis* so near him, not Dreaming a Mistake, but likewise hearing by her Breath, that she was fain asleep, notwithstanding his impatience for the unutterable Joys, however he was resolved he would not Wake her too rudely; and therefore first gently stealing his warm Hand into her Bosom, the soft Temptation soon grew so powerful, that he could not forbear rambling it a little farther still, to which her sound Sleep gave him all the free Accesses his most libertine Fancy could reach. These preliminary Blissess having now intirely fired him all over for more substantial Extasies, he could not forbear clasping her round in his Arms, when with those burn-

burning Kisses sealed to her Lips, and Embracing her so close, her Face happening to lye towards him, and not so much as the least Bar between the nearest touch of all her softest Charms; (for his own roving Hand before had removed and unveil'd all interposing Skreens) these too ardent Arms about her, and some other yet more surprizing pressure so very near her tenderest Virgin Treasury, the poor Girl was immediately startled out of her sleep, into that hideous Terror, that she presently shriek'd out, crying, *Help, Murder, Help, I am Betray'd, I am Ruin'd*; and so leap'd from him out of the Bed, the poor *Strephon's* Amazement no ways hindering her flight (for the change of the Voice soon distinguish'd his fatal mistake, and put him into no small Disorder and Astonishment.) This uproar of the poor frightened Maiden alarm'd the whole House, insomuch that not only the Husband from his Bed, but likewise several of the Servants from theirs (particularly the Elder Prentice we spoke of, who run down from his Chamber above in his night Gown,) all bolted into the Room where the poor Girl, under little less Apprehension than downright Ravishment still continued her Outcry; when her Uncle asking her what was the Reason of all this noise, *Oh Sir*, says she, *you have put me to Bed to a Man, a filthy, lewd, wicked, lascivious, wild Man. Lord have Mercy upon us*, reply'd the old Gravity, *a Man!* Yes Sir, cries the young thing, *this impudent pretended Neece of yours, is a He Devil in Petticoats, a meer Tarquin, a downright Rampant Limb of Lucifer.*

Just

Just in the height of all this dismal Outcry (the poor *Strephon* being little less than Thunder-struck, and having only time to leap out of the Bed, and skreen himself in a large Night Gown that lay upon the Table,) it happend that the gossiping Lady was just returned home too, and entred in the nick, full in the middle of the whole hideous Impeachment against her poor discover'd Sham-Neece, to her no little Mortification and Confusion. However with a little more Presence of Mind, and somewhat a larger Talent of Assurance than the poor mute *Strephon*, she fell very Magisterially upon this clamorous young Roarer, and askt her with what Impudence she durst talk at this wild rate, or what Bedlam Frenzy had possess'd her, to run on with all this Noise and Nonsense? *Nay Madam*, answered the Girl, *dont think to fright me out of my Reason; what I say is Truth: I say again, and again, 'tis a Man; and though I thank my Stars, I am a pure spotless Virgin; yet I am not so Ignorant at these years, but I have my feeling about me, and know what's what, Madam. And if I had not had Grace enough to cry out as I did, but been as willing as he, I might have been Ravish'd before this time. In short, if I understand a Spindle from a Wheel, or a Pestle from a Mortar, or any thing in this World; nay, if there be a Cock Sparrow in all the Hedges between High-Gate and Hamstead, or a Whoremaster between Aldgate and Westminster, I tell you once more, this impudent She Cozen of yours, is a downright He Rogue, Madam.*

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Before the Lady cou'd make answer to this crying Charge against her dear *Strephon*, the old Gentleman took up the Alarm; *She Cozen! with a Pox*, cries he, *Ay, I am He-cozen'd and She-cozen'd too in the Devils Name; betwixt your Ladyship, and your Ladyship's Niece, I am sweetly brought to Bed, I thank you; I have nurst a Snake with a Sting in his Tail indeed. Yes, you Jezabel, with your Mr. Horner in Petticoats, I have been finely Cornuted.*

Before the poor Lady cou'd speak in her Justification (as indeed it was but a very barren Subject) the poor Elder Prentice, who by this time had fully smelt the whole Intrigue, and saw his dear Mistress in this inextricable Plunge and Labyrinth, very generously fell down upon his Knees, beseeching Pardon both from Heaven and his Master, when his own Guilt and Confusion must unravel this whole Mystery of Iniquity, and unfold the whole Riddle that had occasion'd all this Alarm and Distraction: And hereupon with a great deal of Penitence and Shame, he very formally told them, That he himself was the true and only *Tarquin*, the intended Ravisher, that the young Woman had accused, and who had made all this wicked Assault upon her Virgin Innocence, and that by an unhappy, tho' no less guilty Mistake; for what through the Instigation of the Devil, and his own Brutal Lust, he had a long time conceived a Design upon the Chastity of his Mistress's fair and vertuous Cozen, and this Night intending to put his wicked Purposes in Execution, he had stolen down
from

from his own Bed to surprize her in her sleep, and not knowing of this Stranger's being Lodged with her, through the darkness of the Night he had mistaken his Prey, and only through his Bestial violence, had been the whole and sole Author of all this Disturbance. And though at the young Gentlewoman's first Out-cry he had leap'd out of the Bed again, and stole back into his own Chamber; yet his own, now too accusing Conscience had made him return to confess his intended Villany, and implore all their Forgiveness. The old Man who had scarce Patience to hear out the Story, notwithstanding the satisfaction it gave him in clearing his dear Spouse's and Cozen's Innocence, nevertheless cou'd not forbear a great deal of very violent and opprobrious Language against his wicked Servant for this outrageous Fault. But his good Lady, who by a private wink to her kind Deliverer, had partly acknowledged his witty and generous Ingenuity in this defence of her endanger'd Honour, very modestly reprimanded her Husband's too vehement Indignation. She told him, That truly she had as much, or more Reason to be angry than he, for her Virtue and Reputation lay at stake; not but her Cozen, if occasion had been, should have strain'd a Point of Virgin Modesty, even to a more ample Demonstration of her true Sex. But as Heaven had been pleased to clear the innocent without any such unseemly proofs, and the Criminals true Penitence had made some part of an Expiation for his Fault, it was their Christian Duty to endeavour both to forget and forgive.

All

All Parties being thus fully convinced, and all Clouds intirely dissipated, the fair She-cozen (was likewise graciously pleased to grant her Pardon to the penitent Offender, for now we may restore her her feminine Epithite) declaring, That she was heartily sorry, that she should carry any of those fatal Charms in her Eyes, as could have power to provoke any such lewd Attempts against her Virtue; not but had the young, too Violent, Gentleman address himself to her by any Modest and Honourable Tenders of Passion towards her, perhaps upon fair and virtuous Terms, she might not have been wholly insensible nor invincible.

All Things thus hush'd, the good old Man took his harmless and spotless Lady to his Embraces, and his *Westminster* Niece lay down again by her late Ravishers side, who took care to play the *Lucrece* not the *Tarquin*, the remainder of the Night.

The next Day our fair Guest, took an occasion to take her leave of the Family, in order to her pretended return into the Country, out of a Point of Virgin Honour, as not seemly for her to remain any longer under that Roof, and so near that Person by whom such Violence had been only offer'd to her.

Though her *Strephon's* absence was highly regretted by his dear *Phillis*, yet she was forced to consent to it, as not willing to have so dangerous a Spy upon her Actions, as the Rival Prentice, who she was now satisfied was no longer a stranger to her whole Masquerade. However she comforted her self, that this dangerous Ri-

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val had not above two Months to serve, and then she might have fairer Liberty for her disguis'd *Strephon's* safe return again to her Embraces.

No sooner was the false Cozen and true *Strephon* departed, but the poor blushing *Phillis*, out of a principle of Gratitude, took an opportunity to make some farther acknowledgments to the kind Prentice for her protected Honour in that unlucky Exigence. To which he reply'd, That truly as he had had the Fortune to relieve a Distressed Lady, he hoped her Goodness and Smiles (for he was so far mercenary) would be pleased to reward his Service: And now if he was so impudent a Beggar, as to ask a return of Love from her, however the boldness of such a Petitioner was so far excusable, that the niceties of Virtue cou'd be no Bar to his Ambition, and nothing but her Aversion, cou'd deny him that Bliss. To conclude, he prest the Subject so home, that notwithstanding her vow'd Fidelity to her dear *Strephon*, she cou'd not tell how to refuse him: She was Conscious to her self, that her Frailty was discovered, and (if for no other Reason) she ought to consult the preservation of her Honour, by hushing the Silence of the Discoverer, though at no less price than her last Favours; besides the Merit of the Service he did her, in sheilding both her self from inevitable Ruin, and her dear *Strephon* from eternal Exposure and Shame, demanded her kindest Retaliation; and therefore the Invasion of her *Strephon's* Right, was at least in this Case, a venial Trespas.

INTRIGUE II.

AN Eminent high City Mercer, much such another doughty Yoke-mate to a young Bride, as our *Lime-street* Merchant, having much in the like nature, taken *To have and to hold* a wet Eel by the Tale, call'd a Wife, a Girl of high Sanguine, just on this side Twenty; was Conscious to himself, that his natural Abilities stood fairer for a Deputy of his Ward, than a Family Duty-man at Home; having indeed over-match'd his reverend and superannuated Manhood in the Choice of a Spouse. However, though so fair and fruitful a Soyl, was but weakly and poorly Till'd at Home, he took all the necessary Care to keep off all Foreign Hands from the Plough, as resolving to have it lie Lay, rather than bear any Crop but his own; and accordingly made all the Fences to secure it, that Caution and Safety cou'd invent.

In the first Place, he debar'd her all Visits Abroad, without his own Personal Attendance. Secondly, To keep her from Sloth and Idleness, the general Nurses of Wantonness and Vanity; he introduced her into his Business in the Shop, her Station behind the Counter, being her six days Labour; so that from Morning till Night

she was kept imploy'd ; This Projection carrying a double advantage along with it, as being likewise a promotion of Trade ; for such lovely White and Red within Doors, is a greater attraction of Custom, than a gilt Sign without Doors, the Town Gallants being always invited to buy their rich Mercery from so fair a Hand.

And Lastly, To guard all safe at Nights ; besides his Chains and Bolts, and all the Iron work of his Doors, of which he himself always kept the Keys, his constant Custom every Night, under pretence of seeing that no Thieves were sculk'd or stoln into any part of his House, was to search every Room in it before he went to Bed ; though in reality, the dangerous Picklocks of Her Cabinet-treasury, more than his own, were the Thieves and Sculkers he resolved to secure against ; and though the English Custom wou'd not permit him to hang a downright *Italian* Padlock upon it, however he wou'd not be wanting in a true *Italian* Watch and Ward set o're it.

This poor young Thing being kept as his Cage-bird, with only two Peaches in her Aviary, from her Chamber to the Shop, had only the Conversation of the Young and the Gay, the generality of her Husbands Customers, with the envious Bar of a Counter between them ; however she had a great many fond Eyes upon her, for she was posted at a very fair Stand to wound Hearts *en passant*, though she had no convenience of Ministering a Cure to them.

Amongst

Amongst her thus distant Admirers, was a very handsome young Gentleman, who very often bought Goods at the Shop, and would always deal only with the Mistress. This young brisk Fellow that never had an opportunity, beyond a little cursory Rallery, however had made those Amorous Glances, and met those kind encouraging Returns, that he sought an occasion one day of meeting her Maid abroad, and broke his Mind to her in a hundred protestations of Passion for her Lady. The Girl, who profest her self a faithful Confident of her Mistress's, promised him all her best Assistance to gain him Access, which having gratefully requited with a Brace of Guineas, and desired the conveyance of a Letter, He came the next day before Dinner, (as appointed) and buying some rich Brocade for a Waist-coat, this Billet Doux was stoln into his Hand.

SIR,

IF the easiness of the Grant has not cheapned the Value of it, I would tell you your Petition shall be answered. I confess, if the fault were my own, I should colour Scarlet deep at the Frailty I am guilty of; but when dull Sixty Weds gay Twenty, the fault lies at my Husbands door, and 'tis his business to blush, not mine. Come then exactly at Seven this Evening in an ordinary Un-gentleman Habit, for Reasons you shall then know, and expect Admission.

The Spark accordingly in a very scrubbed Dress comes at the Hour, where the Maid was ready to receive him, and guide him up Stairs: He was conducted into a very fair Chamber one pair of Stairs backward, the Room hung with Tapistry; the Maid being furnisht with all Instructions, told him in few Words her Masters Jealousy: That at present he was abroad upon Business at a neighbouring Coffee-house, but in less then half an Hour would return; that having a great Cold he was this Night to take a Sweat; for which reason his Lady for this Night lay from him in this Chamber; that considering the old Gentlemans Custom of searching the House, she had no place to hide him in, but a great Clock-case in the Room that was large enough to hold him, and into which her Master would never look; that he must wait possibly an Hour or two there with Patience, where she would lock him in, till her Mistress came to Bed.

The impatient Lover was very willing to undergo so small a Penance, as an Introduction to so sweet a Paradise, &c. and took his Post accordingly being squeez'd and lock'd into his narrow Wooden Walls.

The Husband soon returning, it was about an Hour and a Half before he prepared for Bed, when entring into this Room, Lord! my Dear (says he) our Clock stands sure, or else goes near two Hours too slow, for the Hand is but just turned of Seven, and tis now as much past Nine. [For the Reader must understand that the

the Gentleman's being squeez'd into it, had stopt the Weights and so hindred the Movements of the Clock] However, says the old Gentleman, I'll wind it up. The Lady was strangely startled at this, and indeavoured to divert him by some little Dalliances. Fye, my Dear, says he, be not troublesome but let me wind up the Clock. No matter for the Clock, answered she, have you not a Watch in your Pocket? No, my Dear (answered he) it is gone to the Watch-makers to be mended, and I must set the Clock a going to know how many Hours I must Sweat. The Lady was almost at her Wits-end, at this Accident, and could no ways stop him; when missing the Key, the Maid made a blind Excuse that she had unhappily lockt it, and carried the Key into the next Room, for which her Master heartily Chid her, and bid her fetch it again: The Maid returned, and made answer that she had look'd, but could not possibly find it; at this the old Gentleman catches hold of the Knot or Button of the Door to pull it open by force: When the Spark within finding he would be certainly discovered, prest forward as the old Man pull'd, and threw the whole Clock-case down upon him; at which the Ladies Candle being danc out, the old Man cried out to the Maid, to run into his Room for her own Candle which she had left there; and in the mean while the Spark stole out of the Chamber, where the Maid at the Stair-head handed him down to the

foot of the Stairs almost into the Shop, and then run in for her Candle.

The old Mans crazy Bones, though none of the Strongest, yet by good Fortune got no harm by the Fall: 'Tis true he complained that the Clock-case fell very heavy, insomuch that he thought a piece of the House had fallen with it, which only gave him a slight Brush, and did him no great Mischief. The Lady seem'd a little concerned at the Accident, but withal was much pleased that he had received no hurt. And the old Man did not so much wonder at the fall of it, by Reason it was but slightly tacked up against the Wall, and nailed only into the soft Hangings, the Clock it self, which remained unshaken, being fastned with Iron work above into the massy Wall, and which continued undamaged: So that they set it all to rights again, and wound it up, and so the old Man returned into his own Chamber; where being put to Bed to take his Sweat, and suitable Attendance planted about him, the Lady retired into the back Room, whither the Gentleman with his Shoes taken off, was by the kind Damsel convey'd softly up Stairs to Bed to her Mistress; and then she shut the Door upon them, and attended her Master in the other Room.

The two Lovers being both gone to Bed, no doubt but they Sympathized with the old Gentleman; for 'tis shrewdly to be suspected that they made Sweating Work too. For warm Love must have warm Effects; where we'll leave

leave 'em to all the Delights of Velvet Kisses, the best and softest Mercery in the whole House.

As the Curtains were carefully drawn round them, and all his Cloaths as carefully laid under the Bolster, it was the Maids Post to be watchful in the Morning when the Husband rose (for he was always an early Man) that he should not go in there for fear of waking her Mistress. But there was no danger of that, for the first thing he did was to go down into his back Shop, and there in a small Closet or Counting-house to settle his Shop-books. At this Opportunity the young Gallant made hast to rise, and was led down by the Maid. The Master happening then to be in the Fore-Shop, very hastily askt her who she had got there? To which the Maid dropping a low Courtesy, made answer, only a Corn-cutter, Sir. When came he hither reply'd the old Spark? I brought him in, Sir, answered the Wench; when you went first into your Counting-house, for some occasion I had for him. A Corn-cutter! Replied the old Spark, you are come in good time, Friend; I shall use you my self: I have a troublesome Corn on my left Foot, and a Toe-nail that grows into the Flesh.—But take him up again, Hussey, and give him a Glas of our Drink, till I finish my Accounts, and come up to him. Ay and thank you noble Master, replied the Spark in *Quirpo*; I was Prentice to old *Stephens*, and I thank Heaven am as able to serve you with a whip and a slash at a Foots End,

End, as neatly as any Man in Town. And so the Maid carried him up Stairs.

As soon as he got up again he was under some present Consternation how to behave himself, for he fancied himself but a damnable awkward Corn-cutter, and as bad provided with Tools for it. However a sudden thought came into his Head, to carry it off very heroically, and therefore he desired the Maid to get him a Penknife, for one of his Corn-cutting Tools. But above all to help him to a piece of Plastering, which the House at that time not furnishing, she presently bethought her of two large Velvet Temple Patches that she wore for the Head-ach; for which, the Gentleman immediately dismantled a large Snush-box of half an ounce of Spanish, and clapping in the two Plaisters, was intirely accommodated with a Salvatory, and indifferently well set up for the Manual Management.

Our young Corn-cutter was no sooner equipt with his necessary Implements, but up came the old Gentleman, and sitting down in an Elbow-chair, as he pull'd off his Shoe and Stocking, he began to ask him some Questions. Well Friend (says he) what Country-man art thou?——Northwest Sir, answers our Corn-cutter.——Northwest Friend!——Corn. Ay Sir, I was born at *Pancrass*.——Old Gen. *Pancrass*: From *Cheapside*! Troth I think that's Northwest indeed. But Friend, thou say'st thou wert *Stephens's* Prentice; does thy Occupation take Prentices?——Prentices Sir, replied

plied the Corn-cutter ; ay, and all the reason in the World. Lord, Sir, we intend to petition the King for a Charter, build a Hall, and set up a Corporation of the Right Worshipful Corn-cutters.——Nay Friend (answers the Don) I believe thou art *Stephens's* Prentice indeed ; he was just such another joking Wag as thou art.——Ay Sir (says he) my Master before me was an ingenious Dog, and I am a true Whelp of his own Breeding.——*Old Gent.* But Friend, are you Master of his Art too.——*Corn.* Never fear Sir, my Master was too good a Commonwealths-man, to let his Talent dye with him. And tho' I say't as should not say't, I scorn to turn my Back to the best manual Operator in the whole Mystery.——*Old Gent.* Most learnedly spoken ; then you are sure you are very dextrous at Corn-cutting.——*Corn.* Dextrous at it ! Ay Sir, I'll cut your Corns and pare your Horns, with the best Master of the Art in *Kent* or *Christendom*.——*Old Gent.* My Horns ? Friend.——*Corn.* Your Nails, Sir, your Nails ; Horns and Nails are of the same natural homogeneal Growth, as the famous *Paracelsus*, the great Doctor of our Chair, has very learnedly observed in his Treatise of Anatomy.——Why this Fellow (replies the Lady that stood by) talks like a Philosopher.——*Corn.* Ay Madam, I have Read *Aristotle's* Problems. If your Ladyship never saw it, I'll lend it you.——*Lady.* Nay, troth, this is a merry Fellow indeed.——*Corn.* Merry Madam, why 'tis the best Tool of my Trade ;
my

my Master got half his Estate by it. ——— Estate !
 reply'd the Mercer ; I thoguht he had dy'd in
Sutton's Hospital. ——— *Corn.* Ay Sir, no mat-
 ter for that, he had good Lands and Livings
 to my Knowledge. ——— *Old Gent.* Lands and
 Livings, prethee in what part of the World ? ———
Corn. Why in Gypsey Land. We Corn-cutters
 are mungril Gypsies.

*Our Lands and our Livings,
 Are of other Folks givings ;
 And so rubs the World away.*

Lady. Troth my Dear , I like this Fellow
 well, I care not if I come under his Hands. ———
Corn. Truly Madam, I shall use you very
 gently, for I have a very neat Hand at Womens
 Work. ——— *Lady.* Now I think on't I have a
 kind of a soft Corn on the inside of one of my
 great Toes that dos so pain me. ——— *Corn.* A
 Pain between your two great Toes ! You are
 not the first fair Lady that has been troubled
 with that Malady. But Madam, if I don't
 presently ease you. ——— *Lady.* Sayst thou so ;
 then call some Morning towards the end of
 the Week, and I'll take a Cast of your Office.

By this time, the old Gentleman was ready
 for the manual Operation, and had shew'd
 where his Grievance lay. Well Sir, says the
 Corn-cutter, shall I go through stich with you,
 and take out your Corn, Root and Branch ; or
 shall I leave some few strings of it behind me,
 to have your Custom another time ? Nay Friend,
 replies

replies the Don, if you have an Art to take it off Root and Branch that it will never grow again; pray use your best Skill, though I pay you double Fees for't.——*Corn.* Why then I'll tell you; I have a Plaister here in my Box, that will so ripen it in one 24 Hours, that by to morrow Morning when I shall come again, I'll make such clever Work on't, that I'll lay my Life to a halfpenny worth of Butter-milk, you shall never hear more on't.——*Old Gent.* Sayst thou so! Then prithee lay on thy Plaister. But what, a Velvet Plaister?——*Corn.* Ay Sir, I always suit my Surgery to my Customers. Your Worship has past your Brass Chain, and your plush Jerkin, and your rich Batchelorship, and may live to be an Alderman: And so a Velvet patch to a Velvet jump, is all *secundum artem*.

Having reserved the Corn-Cure for the Morrow, the old Gentleman however desired the other part of his Office, *viz.* The paring of his Nails; but our Corn-cutter (to shorten the Story) excused that too, till to morrow Morning, for want of an extraordinary Tool that he said, he had at the Grinders, which he would bring with him, and which shou'd do it much more easily than any of his present Implements he had about him. And so the old Spark stealing a Shilling into his hand, the young Artist went off with flying Colours.

The next Morning our young Spark, sent a more able Operator, whom he rewarded with a brace of Crowns to go in his stead, and make an excuse for him, that he was fain Ill, and was
afraid

afraid of the new Fever, and for that Reason, had sent his Deputy.

One Evening at the end of the Week, the Ladies Maid came to his Lodging from her Mistress, to tell him, That the morrow Morning following, the Coast would be clear, for her Husband was to be out the whole Forenoon: And therefore she desired his Company, remembering him withal, to bring his Tools along with him. Ay Chicken, reply'd the Spark, I never go to a fair Lady without 'em. Nay, reply'd the Girl, I mean your Corn-cutting Tools, for you must come in that Habit again. So the Gentleman repaying her former Favours, he presented the Girl with ten Guineas, and promised to be punctual at the Assignment, &c.

The next Morning he made his Visit at Eight, when the Lady in a loose Dress, a Dishabillee, only her morning Gown, &c. and in her own Chamber was ready to receive him: And here he continued till near Noon, for the Lady had very private and important Affairs with him; for her Fondness would not yield to part with him, till the last Minute when she was forced to lose him; nor was he Idle all the while, for no doubt she found Work enough for so dear an Operator.

Between Eleven and Twelve the Husband returned, and the Corn-cutter was dismiss'd, the Maid attending him down to the Shop door. It happened that the Husband had brought home with him a very eminent Citizen, a Banker in *Lumbard-street*, who seeing a Face pass by him

him that he was so very well acquainted with, catch'd hold of our young Spark; why how now, crys the Cash-broker? What have we got here, my good old Friend Sir *William* in Masquerade? Sir *William*, Sir! answer'd the Landlord, somewhat surpriz'd; why Sir, do you know this Man? Know him, Sir! reply'd the Banker; ay Sir, I think I have Reason to know him, for I have Six Thousand Pounds of his in my Hands. Lord have Mercy upon us, (crys the old Man, lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, and turning as pale as Death,) a Sir *William*! and Six Thousand Pound, and my Wives Corn-cutter, Oh! I a Sir *William*! (answer'd the young Spark) and Six Thousand Pound; faith Master wou'd you would make your words true; I gad, If I had but half that Mony, I'd build one of the Steeple's of *Paris*. I beg your Pardon honest Fellow, reply'd the Goldsmith, (finding he had done Mischief, and smelling a Trick,) now I hear thee speak, I find my mistake; thou hast a Face as like a *Bedfordshire* Baronet, as one Apple's like another; but thy Voice is no more like his, than a Bagpipe to a Recorder. And so the young Spark scrap'd him a Leg, and march'd off.

Lord Sir, continu'd the Banker, how two Faces may be alike. I remember I read a Story of a Shooe-maker of *Maidstone* in *Kent*, in *Harry* the Eighth's Reign, that was so like the King, that he was sent for up to Court; and in one of the King's Vests, past through the whole Court at *Whitehall* saluted for the King, and un-

undiscovered by all his Guards; and coming to the King's Presence, the King saw his own Picture so exactly, that he ask'd the fellow Jocosely, If his Mother had never been at Court? No, reply'd the noble Cordwainer, *but my Father has been there.*

The King was so very well pleased with so smart and ingenious a Repartee, that he settled a very fair Estate upon his Royal Representative, and made him that little Prince of a *Crispin*, a Degree above his Awle or his paring Knife.

The good old Gentleman was mightily pleased with this Story, thanked the kind Banker for the Relation, laugh'd at his own groundless surprize, making all the due Application of the Story to his own Case; and went off with all the intire Satisfaction and Peace, like a true City Husband, with full Faith and Confidence in his innocent Yoke-mate, and her honest Corn-cutter.

I N.

INTRIGUE III.

ABOVE a year before the Revolution, a young Gentleman, whom wee'll call *Peregrine*, of very Honourable Birth and Education, the second Brother to an eminent Baronet in the *West of England*; fell passionately in Love with a young Country Gentlewoman, the Offspring of a Father, who (bating his over-much Inclination to Avarice, even to a Fault,) was a very accomplish'd Man, and the Master of many eminent Virtues. It unhappily fell out, (if we may venture to Arraign the distribution of Providence) that this young Lover, though with the too slender Fortune of a younger Brother, was a Person of that Gallantry, Wit, Spirit and Courage, so much beyond the weaker Merit, and the more cloudy Intellects of his elder Brother, that swept the whole Estate from him; that 'tis much to be pitied that no other Title, but the start of a year into the world before him, should load this Saturnine elder Birth with above Two Thousand *per Annum*, and the Sprightlier younger Brother should carry little more than as many Hundreds.

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This

This young Lover with the foremention'd Accomplishments, made a very fortunate Attack upon the young Ladies Heart, with a success, even to his own utmost Wishes; and when the mutual Faith was plighted, and not till then, (there remaining nothing now but Obedience to be consulted) the Fathers consent was ask'd to the Marriage, being now told that he had long lov'd his Daughter, the fair *Urania*, (for that shall be her Name) and there was nothing wanting but his paternal Assent and Blessing, to Crown their mutual Felicity. The Father seem'd much surpriz'd at this Narration, and fell into a very great Passion at the Boldness of his Daughter, to receive and encourage a Suiter, without giving him an earlier Account of the Matter; urging, that it was the highest Breach of her filial Duty to keep any thing of this kind conceal'd from a Parent, it being his equal Right to have a concurrence, as well in the disposal of her Heart, (nay, even her very Looks) as of her Person. In short, here was the paternal Authority infringed, and nothing could pacify the angry Father.

But all this Out-cry (which indeed was but the pretence) was really Founded upon a more heinous Disgust: Neither the Quality nor Person of the young Lover werè any ways Faulty, nor the private Commerce of Love so long manag'd betwixt the young couple was the true capital Crime: No, her Father was able to give her half Five Thousand Pound Portion, and the poor young Gentlemans worldly Circumstances

stances did not deserve such a Fortune. If the elder Brother, 'tis true, had been her humble Servant, the infringement of the paternal Power had then been a more venial Sin: A Baronet, and Two Thousand a year, might have woo'd, won, nay, and worn her too, without half this Quarrel.

To shorten this part of my History, 'tis enough to tell you, that the Father is wholly Inexorable, and the Daughter being all Duty, dares not Rebel, though to be the happiest Woman in the World, as such the Embraces of her dear *Peregrine* had undoubtedly made her: Infomuch, that her Fathers consent being utterly unconquerable, there's nothing but Despair and Misery before their Eyes; for possibly never was Love so Passionate, as between the languishing *Peregrine*, and the mourning *Urania*; Mourning indeed, for that melancholy Epithite was intirely her own, under her infinite Grievs at her hard Fathers Cruelty.

The defeated Lovers, under all the Agonies imaginable, nevertheless renew'd their eternal Engagement of Fidelity; the Lady on her part made a solemn Vow, that she would never Marry any Man whilst her *Peregrine* liv'd; and he, with as many hearty Oaths bound himself under the same Obligation. All their Hopes, if any, were, that possibly her Father, or his Brother might die, and by that means, either the Command of her Fortunes in her own hands would render her Mistress of her self; or the

advance of his would mollify an obdurate Father, who in spite of all his other Pretensions, she was very well satisfied had no true Obstacle to bar their Happiness, but the slender Patrimony of her dear *Peregrine*.

After this inviolable Contract between 'em, the poor Gentleman in tenderness to the Peace of his darling Mistress, (being sensible if he stay'd in *England*, he should be eternally hovering about her, even possibly to the ruin of her very Freedom, under the Jealousie of an enraged Father, or some other paternal Frowns that his Presence might pull down upon her) resolved to take the opportunity of Travelling Abroad with a young *English* Nobleman, his Relation and intimate Friend.

In his Absence according to mutual Promises, a Correspondence was held between 'em by Letters, the most Tender and Passionate that all the Inspirations of Love could dictate; which for the safer conveyance to her hand, was agreed between them, they should be all directed to her Maid (her particular Confident) who constantly attended the Post-house in the Town for their Receipt, to prevent any Interception. The Father after his Departure, who was no Stranger to his Absence, nor that Coast of the World where ever he rambled, (for his Suspicion made him set up for a Spy, and keep Intelligence on that very Account) took an occasion one day to present his Daughter with a very rich Scrutore, to which he had provided a double Set of Keys. This noble Present, was
soon

soon made the young Ladies Closet-favourite, the Cabinet where the greatest Treasure of her Life, her *Peregrines* Letters were repositèd ; to which the Father, at favourable opportunities, by the help of his false Keys, had all the Access he desired ; and there was not that Secret of their Souls, at least, that they trusted to Black and White, that he was a Stranger to : For he read both *Peregrines* and his Daughters Letters, the innocent Lady keeping the Copies of her own, as well as the Originals of her dear *Peregrines*, under the same Lock and Key.

The Father now plainly perceived the Vows and Contracts made between 'em, which he likewise found inviolable ; not only by their mutual Protestations, but likewise by daily Experience : For in less than half a Years time, the Fair *Urania's* Beauty (for she had no common Stock of Charms) had attracted her more than half a Score new Idolaters, some of them of the highest Estates and Quality, but all despised and slighted : Nay, the very Commands of a Father, all rejected, she being utterly Deaf to all Arguments, Reason, or any Authority whatever, on that Subject.

This Discovery gave the Father a great deal of disquiet, who saw his whole Ambition frustrated, in all his endeavours for the happy Disposal of his Daughter ; nevertheless, to conceal all Suspicions from his Daughter of any Discovery whatever, in all his resentments against her continued Deafness and Obstinacy, he took care not to let drop a Word that should

intimate his least knowledge of her Correspondence with *Peregrine*.

About this time, it hapned that the Father took a particular Fancy to leave his Country Residence, and take a great House in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* ; whither the greatest part of his Goods and Furniture was removed, and his whole Family transplanted to *London*. The young Lady who gave her Lover Advertisement of her removal, continued her foreign Correspondence with her *Pregrine*. About the time of her arrival at *London*, her *Peregrine* had then Travell'd through all *France*, visited several Courts in *Italy*, and was settled for the whole Winter Season at *Rome*.

As the fair *Urania* carried her Charms to *London*, so she made her new Conquests there. And amongst a Crowd of Gazers upon so celebrated a Beauty, it happen'd that a very rich Merchant, dignified with a Knighthood, was made one of her Captives. 'Tis true, he was a Widower, had several Children, and was aged about Fifty, almost old enough for *Urania's* Grand father ; but still he had a vast Estate, was a Man of no mean parts ; and to manage his Addresses to so young a Lady, with the true arts of Policy, he made his strongest Attack upon the Father ; and to bribe him to his Party, nay, and possibly endear the young Lady too, by so generous an Offer, he propos'd to settle her a Jointure more than doubly answerable to her Fortunes, and yet receive not one Penny of Portion with her ; giving
her

her Father free leave to dispose of that to the bettering his younger Childrens Portions. This wonderful Generosity carried a high sway with the Father; and though God knows but little influence upon the Daughter, however her acknowledgment of so frank a Lover, kept her in the bounds of somewhat more than ordinary Civility towards him. Besides, though in all her Coldness to all the tenders of Love from any thing but her dear *Peregrine*, both her Prudence and good Breeding always gave a very Courteous Reception to all her Adorers, how coldly soever she received the Adoration: And even her very Refusals, nay her coyest Disdain, had a peculiar Grace and Air in it, that spoke her the Mistress of an admirable Wit and Address.

Her Father, who now grew almost enamour'd of his rich and generous Merchant-pretender, nevertheless daily found both by his Daughter's and *Peregrine's* Letters (for he kept the old Custom of prying into her Cabinet) that neither Time, Distance, nor Absence, could shake her Engagements with *Peregrine*; and consequently whilst that inviolable League held firm, all other Hopes or Attempts were wholly Fruitless: And therefore began to think of some Plots or Stratagems, if possible, to cut this fatal Gordian.

Accordingly, as Mischeif never wants a Prompter, he soon furnisht himself with edge Tools for that illnatur'd Work: For first he went to the grand Post-office, and there corrupted

rupted one of the Post-officers to stop all Foreign Letters directed to such a young Woman so named——viz. His Daughters Confident, which by Virtue of a Golden Bribe was readily granted him ; and for a Fortnights time together, all *Peregrine's* Letters which innocently continued that Superscription, were detain'd at the Post office, and received by the Father: After this, he feign'd a very long Letter (which received the Post-mark) as from the young Nobleman, dated from his very Lodgings near the *Varican* (from whence *Peregrine* had always dated before, and which much contributed to the Credit of the Contents) directed to the Young Lady her self, preparing her first with a great many artful and tender Expressions, for the Reception of the melancholy Relation he was going to make. In fine the long doleful Epistle concluded with the deplorable Account of the Death of her dear *Peregrine*, who dyed of an Apoplexy ; and that having had the Honour of his particular Friendship and Confidence, he made bold to be this ungrateful Messenger, whilst mixing his own Tears for so dear a Friend, with those from her own fair Eyes for so faithful a Lover, who as he lived, died only Hers ; he promised her to take care of all her Letters, which as so many Reliques, he had Sealed up, together with some small Jewels and Rarities design'd by the kind *Peregrine*, for a Present to his adored *Urania* ; and which being not so portable by the publick Post, should with all imaginable

nable Speed be convey'd to her fair Hands by some properer way.

I need not tell my Reader how fatally this Paper Thunder-bolt struck the poor afflicted *Urania*, who, sweet Innocence, not in the least suspecting the Forgery, sunk under that Load of Grief, that was almost inexpressible. Her Father, inquiring the Fountain-head of all these sudden floods of Tears, she very frankly shewed him the fatal Letter, as having now no farther occasion of Privacy or Reserves, confessing her whole Correspondence and Engagements (as much as her Sighs would give her utterance) with her dear *Peregrine*. The Father very cunningly, not in the least resenting her Disobedience in such a Confession, joyn'd with her in her very Tears, and express'd himself little less a Mourner than her, assuring her that his Pity for his unfortunate Death, had made a very great Conversion upon him, and much soften'd a great many hard Thoughts which he had formerly very unkindly conceived against him.

During her daily repeated Sighs for her truly lamented *Peregrine*, her Father was a constant Condoler with her, till at last, telling her how 'twas impossible to combat the Decrees of Heaven, he besought her to bury her Grievs in her *Peregrine's* Grave; and as her Vows of Fidelity were now cancell'd in his Death, to think of some less melancholy Subject; and if she tendered either her own Felicity, or her Fathers Satisfaction, she would condescend to
lend

lend a kind Ear to her kneeling City Knight,
and Reign both the Mistress of so faithful a Heart,
and so ample a Fortune.

The fair Mourner you may well believe conceived but very little Harmony from so ungrateful a Tune as Love; however, taking her Pillow, which she every Night water'd with a Thousand melting Tears; amongst the Reflections of her present Misery, she began to consider of the disposal of her future mourning Hours of Life, under the Loss of her never to be forgotten dear *Peregrine*. She well knew there would be no long Resistance against a commanding Father: For how little soever the Taste of Love would relish with her, she must at last be forced to sit down with that unpalatable Feast called Matrimony. And truly, if she must have a Husband, she reflected that the best Choice she could ever make would be her City Merchant. For as all Fondness or Delight died with her *Peregrine*, she thought that her cold Embraces could now be no where better bestowed, than upon reverend Five and fifty, viz. her Widower Knight, her Ice and his Age being the most suitable Match. For to Marry any Gentleman of Birth, Youth and Honour, she thought would be a kind of Cheat and Delusion (which her Candor and Integrity utterly abhorred) by lodging so heartless a lump of Wedlock in the Bosom of Desert and Worth, that both required and merited a more cheerful Mate than such a drooping Turtle should ever make. Besides, what was yet the strongest

strongest Obligation; she stood so much indebted to the Love and Memory of her dearest and only dear *Peregrine*, that she fancied it an open Violation of her very Vows to that only Lord of all her plighted Faith (a Bond that even Death could never Break) to Sleep in any young and charming Lovers Arms; being resolved to pay that Pious Duty to his very Name, as never to tast the true Joys of Life, which nothing but *Peregrine* could, or at least no Man else shall ever give her. And therefore if she Marries, it shall be to her antiquated humble City Servant, whose Person and Age being both so very little agreeable, she thought it so far from a Blemish or Reproach to her Infidelity, or any Invasion of her *Peregrine's* ever sacred Right, that on the contrary she rather esteem'd it as no other than giving up her self a perfect Sacrifice, even to her dear *Peregrine's* ever darling Memory, by tying her Youth and Beauty, to so tasteless a Wedlock Bed, a Pennance more than Pleasure; and consequently a kind of voluntary Oblation even of her whole Peace of Life (under so mortifying a shackle) to the very Ashes and Name of *Peregrine*.

This generous, though a little Romantick Resolution, being spurred on by her Fathers daily Importunities, so prevail'd at last, that in less than a Month she Married her Knight; where we'll leave her in her Wedding sheets, in all the Embraces, though not all the Transports of Wedlock; and make a short Visit to her

her poor Traveller at *Rome*. — Above a Month (an Age in a Lovers Calendar) had now past, since he received one Line from his *Urania*: An Hundred melancholy Reflections he made upon so strange a Silence: Sometimes he fancied she might be Indisposed; but then he considered her Maid would have written for her: Her Silence he durst not impute to any Falsehood or Infidelity, for he had too good an Opinion of such inviolable Truth. Possibly then her Father had discover'd their Correspondence, or intercepted his Letters; and therefore he sent a Letter to her, inclosed in another to a Merchant his Friend, in *London*; with a particular Charge of a private Delivery.

He need not have given him so strict a Commission in that Point. For coming to deliver a Letter from a young Spark to a Married Lady, (as such indeed he found her) he thought it high Prudence to use the best Caution and Privacy in such an Errand. Accordingly he took the opportunity of meeting her Abroad one Morning with no Company but that of her Maid, as she was going to Church to Prayers. He no sooner gave her the Letter, and she saw but the Supercription, but well remembering the Hand, she turned as Pale as Death, and looking almost Frightfully in the Messengers Face, she askt, *From whence comes this?* From *Mr. Peregrine* — replied the Merchant, *Sir Peregrine, I should say: For his Brother's newly Dead, and we hope we shall see him in England, to take possession of* — Before he could finish his short Speech, the Lady

dy fell down Dead in a Swoon into her Womans Arms, letting drop the Letter from her Hand : The poor Maid very much concern'd at her Ladies Indisposition, and more at the fatal cause of it ; immediately call'd a Coach, into which, with some help, she got her poor Mistress ; and having secured the Letter, she bid the Coach-man drive softly to the next Fields, as prudently thinking it the best Policy, not to drive home immediately, but first a little to recompose her sad Ladies surprizing Afflictions, and recover her lost Senses ; so much the more cautiously to manage this fatal Accident, to the prevention of raising any jealous ill Blood at home : For the Knight was utterly a Stranger to the whole History of this darling Rival.

As the Coach drove through *Moor-feilds* (for they set out from the *Change*) the Lady by the Care of her Maid, was brought a little to her Senses again : And the Coach-man being order'd to drive very slowly, she turned her drowned Eyes to the Reading of her *Peregrine's* Letter, the Subject possibly the tenderest that the most transported Passion cou'd write. He began first in a few mourning Turtle murmurs to tell her, That above a whole Month had past in which he had not received one Line from his Divine *Urania* : But that he cou'd impute only to some unhappy Accident, not to any Coldness or Forgetfulness, for his Soul was too full of the darling Virtues of his dear *Urania*, to apprehend even but a shadow

shadow of a Change, in such unshaken Constancy, Faith, Honour, Love, and every Charm of Heaven, all joyn'd in his *Urania*.

But now to reward his long, long Sighs and Tears, he told her he had newly received a Letter with an Account of his Brothers Death, by which the whole Estate and Honour of his Family devolv'd upon him, and that he was immediately following his Letter, which was only sent with the Olive-branch before him: That he was posting with all the Wings of Love to the Arms of his *Urania*; for now he doubted not but he should be able to melt down her obdurate Father into Justice and Mercy. In short, he run on with so many hundred Transports and Extasies upon the prospect of his approaching Felicity, in the Embraces of his *Urania*, as if he had seen no less than the Clouds opening, and the Angels descending, and all the whole Joys of Heaven pouring down upon his Head.

Oh do but think, what an Epistle was here written, and what Eyes were here to read it! 'Tis true, she read it out, and I dare not say either with a more than Womans strength or courage she out-liv'd the reading it. For though the poor *Fidelia*, her Maid, made a hard shift to prevent her relapse into her former swooning Fit; however 'twas only to suffer the Torments of a more lingering Death. For nothing was so killing as this Language from her dear *Peregrine*, and nothing so miserable as the wretch-

wretched and hardfated *Urania*, that lives beyond the reading it. It is impossible to express the Flood, the Torrent, nay, the Deluge of Tears, that followed this fatal Discovery of the inevitable Miseries, Despair and Ruin, that now lay before her.

But not to hold my Reader too long in this melancholy Relation, *Fidelia* at length prevail'd that they should drive home, and 'twas agreed between 'em, that whatever indisposition attended her unhappy Mistress, (for this shock was enough to stagger a stronger Heart) that the Cause of her Affliction should be concealed with all the Caution and Care imaginable. Accordingly she returned home, where she gave her self up to all the most violent Transports of Grief that a breaking Heart could utter. The poor Knight at home was infinitely surpriz'd at the red Eyes of his dear Lady ; but *Fidelia* had a nimble excuse to salve all, by telling him that 'twas an Indisposition of her Mistress's, that had attended her from her very Youth. The good Man immediately posted away a Messenger for a Physician ; but *Fidelia* stop'd him, desiring (and *Urania* join'd in her request) that no Doctor might be sent for, but *Fidelias* Brother (at that time a young Practitioner in Physick, living not far off.) The kind Husband who was all Obedience to the Commands of his dear young Lady , could not deny her any thing ; and therefore the young *Esculapius* being sent for, *Fidelia* very cunningly managed the Matter, that the Doctor gave in his Report
of

of his Ladies Distemper, as the Maids, not the Mistress's Pulse beat; nay, the whole Recipes of her Cure, were all of her own prescription: For the young Doctor very readily (as tutor'd by his Sister) declared that the Nature of her Disease, required Silence and Rest; that it was absolutely necessary she should lie alone, till her Recovery. The poor Man, tho' with much Regret, submitted to the Sentence of being excluded from his dear Sponse's Arms for some few widow'd Nights: However imposing a Confidence in her young Doctor's Skill and Judgment, he prayed for his success in the restoration of her Health; and so resign'd her to the care of Heaven, and into the hands of Art.

This Project was very useful in the poor Lady's Circumstances; for lying alone, with *Fidelia* in a Pallate-Bed by her, 'twas not only some ease to her Sorrows that she could intirely give her self up to her Sighs for her *Peregrine*; but likewise she had rid her self of the ungrateful Embraces of a Tyrant and an Usurper, for as such she look'd upon the present possessor of her Bed, as only mounted thither by Cheats, Plots, Forgery, Treason and Delusion. In all her apprehensions of Shame and Confusion at the return of her *Peregrine*, (for see him she is resolv'd, though she die at his Feet) she has this only dawn of hopes of one kind beam of Pity and Pardon from him; when in all the Miseries her barbarous Father has heap'd upon her, her very
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Choice of a Husband, and the Reasons of that choice, should convince him, that she had Truth even in her Falshood. For since an irresistible Power, had compell'd her into the Bonds of Matrimony, she had chosen a Shackle, not a Bracelet, by a Match of that inequality of Age to her Youth and Charms, as might sufficiently testify that, 'tis true, the Right even of her dead *Peregrine* might be supplanted by Constraint and Force, but never alienated by Delight, Desire and Inclination.

The Father, as you may imagine, was strangely mortify'd at the News of his Daughter's Illness, but more at the unhappy cause of it; and almost trembles to approach the fair Ruins he was now sensible himself had only made. 'Tis true, the poor Lady received him with all the filial Duty and Respect, far beyond the common Forgiveness of such Unpardonable Injuries: 'Tis true, she Charged her whole Destruction, and she much fears her Death, upon his unnatural Cruelty; however, she freely forgives him; and would make it even her last dying Command, or at least her dying Prayer (for her Commands she feared had now no Power) to her wrong'd *Peregrine*, to seal him that same Pardon, and to bury all Resentments against the unkind Father, in the unhappy Daughters Grave.

This infinite Goodness of the sweet *Urania*, struck him so near the Heart, if possible, beyond the shock of her very Sufferings and his own Injustice; insomuch; that there never

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was

was a more hearty Mourner, and a truer Penitent, than her unfortunate Father.——But to leave him to his Sorrows, and to bring over our young Traveller, rap'd up even in Paradise it self, with those Dreams, those Hopes and all those dazzling Visions, of almost more than mortal Happiness in his *Urania's* Arms: Think what a *Phaeton's* Fall must here be; when little less than dash'd down from Heaven, his very first Salute on the *English* Shore, (if Ravens Croaks, and Mandrakes Groans can be Salutations) is the whole Story of his *Urania's* Marriage. For such prudent care was taken both by the Lady and the Father, that Attendance lay ready at his Transport from *Callais* to *Dover*, (for in pure Expedition, he cross'd the *Alpes*, and came Post by Land, arriving in *England* in five days after his Letter) on purpose to prepare him for the whole mournful Narrative, thereby to prevent those too violent, and possibly those too fatal Transports of Fury, that otherwise, upon any other Interruption of the ungrateful News, might have broken out. Besides, it was both high Prudence and Justice, to have the whole Tale delivered in all its true Circumstances; as well for the Vindication of the poor Ladies Innocence, as for some little alleviation of the poor Gentlemans Peace, when the whole Tragical Scene of his lost *Urania* set forth in its true Light, would appear to have more the Hand of Fate in it, than Infidelity.

Besides,

Besides, this preparation (the whole Story being faithfully related, and as generously believed) in some measure a little paved the way for the interview of the two unfortunate Lovers, which the next morning after his arrival in *London*, by the management of *Fidelia*, was made between 'em. When *Peregrine* meeting the still charming Eyes of his ever adored *Urania*, (for though Sickness and Sorrow had emptied half their Quiver, yet still they had Darts enough to kill) instead of Revilings, Upbraidings or Reproaches at any thing of Levity, Forgetfulness or Inconstancy, in the too hasty Marriage of his lost *Urania*: On the contrary, here was nothing but wet Eyes, bent Knees, a prostrate Lover thrown dying at her Feet, and the languishing and breathless *Urania*, at the same time falling dead into his Arms; that 'twas almost a Question in all the Agonies of Grief on one side, and Tendernefs on the other, which held fastest, the Embraces of Love, or those of Death between 'em.

When they had both recovered Life enough for Breath, and Breath enough for Words, and recollected Sense enough to find a Tongue between 'em; what Torrent of Murmurs were here pour'd forth, and all against their cruel Stars, but a more cruel Father; the over-ruling Powers that had fated their Destruction! For their whole Misery lies at no other Door: The generous *Peregrine* has no complaint at any thing but Destiny: The Eyes of Love can see nothing but Faith and Virtue, in that sweet delud-

ed Innocence his dear *Urania*; and even Heaven it self may be Faulty, when she cannot.

'Twas in this kind of Entertainment, that the Conference lasted a whole Afternoon between 'em, when they only Adjourn'd till to morrow after Dinner, to renew the same Murmurs, and all the same Raptures over again. For here is only the beginning, to what must never have an end: For the complaints of unhappy Lovers are Numberless.

The good-natured Knight at home, had naturally a great stock of Faith, and therefore was not over-jealous of the innocent Liberties his young Lady took. Besides, her Doctor in Ordinary, had given in his Judgment, That Diversion and walking Abroad, would be highly instrumental in the restoration of her Health; which gave her all the unquestion'd Freedom of going Abroad, and meeting her *Peregrine* as often as she pleased. These Meetings were very often repeated, and were wholly made up of nothing but Love. *Peregrine* amongst a hundred other Protestations, made a solemn Vow which he bound with all the most vehement Imprecations, that he would live and die hers and only hers; that he would tire out the whole Malice of his Stars, and wait the very Death of her Husband, for the possession of *Urania*; for he made an absolute Abjuration to all the Sex beside. This Protestation, and indeed a hundred more, were all graciously received by the kind *Urania*, who wanted no returns of Inclination and Love, to so devoted an Adorer.

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And though with all the imaginable endearments between 'em, these private Visits were almost daily renew'd ; however the unsatisfied *Peregrine*, began to repine at the Felicities of his envied Rival ; and though they never met but they melted into all the Tendernefs of twining Embraces, and their Souls met a hundred times over, not only at their languishing Eyes, but even at their burning Lips, a liberty the Amorous *Peregrine* dayly more and more encroach'd upon the languishing *Urania* ; however not contented with all these Favours, he could not forbear openly murmuring, even at those yet more charming Bliss'es she bestow'd on his happier Rival, who in all his pretended lawful Possession, had not half the just and equitable Right of *Peregrine*. *Urania*, reprimanded him for so unkind a Reproach, assuring him, that if he knew how those Bliss'es, as he was pleas'd to call them, were extorted from her, even with the whole coldness of a *Lucretia*, he would be far from envying the poor Possessor, that little despicable Thief, that only rifled an empty Cabinet ; his very Embraces being the perfect Picture of Slavery, all Violence and Arbitrary Power on one side, and nothing but Non-resistance and Passive Obedience on the other. No, *Peregrine*, continued she, never envy the Sacrificer at so cold an Altar of Love, where he may bring Fires, but never find any. This Declaration was so very kind, that he threw himself at her Feet, to thank the fair obliging goodness, which the sweet *Urania* would by no

means suffer, but gently raising him up with her fair hand, she told him ; That Posture and these Acknowledgments were more than he ow'd her ; for there are no Thanks due for Duty. If she was all this coldness to that Possessor he so unjustly envy'd, it was but a just Debt she paid, even to the dead, and much more to the living *Peregrine*.——This second Declaration rapt him into new Transports ; and now instead of his bending Knees at her Feet, he threw his grasping Arms about her Neck, and pour'd his melting Soul into those charming Lips that delivered such ravishing Oracles:

As the daily Conversation continued, and a hundred more and more passionate Vows and Endearments past between 'em, the amorous unsatisfied *Peregrine* could not forbear telling her ; That there were yet infinitely diviner Blessings in her Power, and which, if she would give him leave to remonstrate his Sufferings, he had some Plea even to ask of her. (For tho' he found a rising Crimson in the Cheeks of his Blushing *Urania* ; however, he conjured her to give him the Favour of hearing him out :) He desired her therefore, continuing the Subject, to call to remembrance their first mutual Vows of Fidelity made between 'em, that had sworn and sealed their plighted Souls ; what new Vows he had since made of all Abjurations to the whole Sexe's Charms (but his *Urania*. How that if there was a fatal Marriage knot that seem'd to bar his Joys ; however, what Villany, Treason and Injustice, tied

tied that Knot ; and how venial must the Con-
 cession even of her highest Favours be, under
 so honest and just a Reprisal, from so much
 Rapine and Tyranny as had torn her from his
 Bosom. That as he had contracted himself
 her very Husband, and only waited an Usur-
 pers Death ; why not some little Anticipation
 of his rightful Joys, and not so tedious an At-
 tendance only for the Reversion of Felicity ?
 Why should they postpone that Happiness to
 long long Years to come ; possibly a whole
 Age distant, when the present Golden Minute
 smiled before 'em ? Nay, granting some sha-
 dow of a Fault, a Weakness, or Frailty, in the
 Concession ; which either her too nice Virtue,
 or scrupulous Fears might raise against him ;
 however, taking the whole heap of their ac-
 cumulated Wrongs together, nothing sure cou'd
 be more excusable than *Peregrine* and *Urania*.
 A great many other Arguments he urged, which
 were all answer'd by the invincible Virtue of
Urania. The chiefest Objection was the An-
 ger of an offended Heaven, which she durst not
 incurr ; she trembled but at the very Thought
 of the broken Sleeps and distracted Peace, that
 the violation of her Virtue would undoubtedly
 pull down upon her, telling him, That he
 ought to content himself with the Favours (even
 to a Profuseness) she had already granted him,
 and wait the pleasure of Providence, which
 one Day might more amply crown his Joys.
 She besought him to take it as some additional
 Favour too, that she could hear him urge so

immodest and unreasonable a Petition, with so much Patience and Forgiveness, for she cannot be angry even at an offending *Peregrine*. Nay, (throwing her white Arms about his Neck) my dear, dear, *Peregrine*, she cried; think what 'tis you Ask and what I must Deny. For believe me, *Urania*'s Heart is moulded all of the same Love as *Peregrine*, and I give you leave to think, there is not that warmest Wish, his melting Soul can form, but is met, returned and answer'd by *Urania*. She desired him then to rest satisfied that nothing but her Honour, which she must never Violate, held the Flaming-sword that barr'd both His Paradise and Hers. And after all this frank Confession, she conjured him by all that's Sacred to desist from that Suit which she hears with a Pain, denies with a greater; and yet the Grant were the greatest, under the pangs of a bleeding Virtue, and therefore must be denied. The amorous *Peregrine*, in all the Raptures of this generous Confession, was contented to cease the Subject, at least for the present. But upon several Meetings afterwards, the Subject was revived: But not to particularize the whole Arguments on both sides, let it suffice, that he wrought that impression upon the yeilding *Urania*, that at last she confest, that both Virtue and Honour were stormed and vanquish'd, and nothing but the excess of her very Love refused him; that last impregnable Retrenchment against him. How, Love! Answered the amaz'd *Peregrine*. Yes, Love, replied the sighing *Urania*, I Love
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so well, that I neither dare make my self nor my *Peregrine* happy ; for from that Hour my tottering Virtue shakes , as proudly as my *Peregrine* may wear the present Trophy, yet if that Day should come, when my Usurpers Death, and my happy Widowhood might open my lawful Arms to his Embraces , he would then look back upon the cheap Favours I had given him, and under the common Reproach of that easy Creature a Wanton, start from so poor and so dishonour'd a Thing, and disdain so low-priz'd a Bliss as the Arms of *Urania* , for his honourable bridal Joys. In short, she told him she loved to such a height, that the ties of her Favours must be a Seal for Life, and therefore she dares not be guilty of a Weakness that may hazard even the remotest Loss of her *Peregrine*, though for all the most exalted Felicities that his utmost Love can give her. For she cannot think of living Blest in his Arms, without being secure of dying Blest there too. And for that, and indeed that only Reason, she must deny him.

This last generous Argument, was immediately as generously answered by the passionate *Peregrine* ; who told her, their Case was utterly different from the common Breaches of the Marriage-bed ; or indeed was rather no Breach at all. The whole true Right was in the Lover, not the Husband. That though, its true, it was always reputed not only an ignoble, but a hazardous Condescension in a Man of Honour, to Marry those easy Fools , that before Marriage

riage would be so weak as to yeild their cheap unlicensed Favours, and much more those Libertine Rovers, that could break through the sacred Bonds of Matrimony ; as too dangerous trusting to such brittle Bridal Fidelity. But his *Urania's* Condescension on the quite contrary was rather a conjugal Consummation than Violation : That nothing but invincible Tyranny had ravish'd her from him ; that he should esteem her Concessions as not the least Weakness, but Justice, no less on that very sacred Consummation ; and be so far from refusing her a formal Marriage, when the Death of her Tyrant should entitle him to that Ceremony, that he should think himself an absolute Apostate both from Love and Honour at the very thought of such a Refusal. In fine, he had so much to say upon this copious Subject, and bound it all with so many Oaths of eternal Truth and inseparable Bonds between 'em, that even that last impregnable Retrenchment can hold out no longer.

And now for the happy *Peregrine's* Instalment in the Throne of Love, or rather his translation to Immortality ; (for Empire and Paradise are both in *Urania's* Arms, and no Rapture of Bliss can express his Felicity) first there's a solemn *Pacta Conventa* Sworn on his part, of no less Contract and Obligation than a Seal for Life. And then for the Consummation between the happy Lovers, 'tis agreed on the Ladies side, that she'll find an Excuse to be absent the whole Day to Morrow from Seven
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in the Morning till Ten at Night; against which time the amorous *Peregrine* engages to provide a Bridal-Bed (for that's the Name he gives it) not at his own House, for the Ladies Honour must be guarded; and not any of his Servants must be trusted with so important a Secret: And therefore he provides a Chamber very richly Furnish'd in the *Middle Temple*, whither the Lady convey'd by Water, in a Disabilee and a Mask, is received at the *Temple-stairs* by the waiting *Peregrine*, and handed up to the Palace of *Cupid*.

Here she finds a Bed-chamber and a Bed all richly Perfumed, a Table spread in the Dining Room with great variety of Rarities, but all cold Dishes, Flasks of rich Wine, and a Pile of Sweetmeats, &c. But that's the least part of the Feast: No 'tis *Lobe*, his Nectar and Ambrosia, the Regale of Gods, must furnish this Banquet. 'Tis true, they were a little stinted in one part of the hymeneal Ceremony: What other Pomp and State was not wanting, yet still here were no Bride maids to dismantle the Bride. And here a little amorous Contest arose between 'em: The blushing *Urania*, she by all means desired the permission of undressing her self; but *Peregrine* he was for supplying both the Bride-maid and the Bridegroom, making a Hundred passionate Intreaties to have the Charm of disrobing his *Urania*, or rather unclouding his dear Divinity: For so he was pleased to call it. At last the supplicating *Peregrine* prevail'd, that that favour should be granted

granted him; the fair *Urania* yeilding only in this Point, viz. That she came to his Arms as a Wife not a Mistress; and therefore her part was Submission and Duty, and he the Lord of her Love and her Life, 'twas his part to Command and be Obey'd: All she beg'd of him, was, that he would be so kind even to her Modesty, as not to exceed the Liberties of a Bride-maid, or offer the least Indecencies that might put her to a feminine Blush: For whatever Blushes she might afterwards receive in his Arms, those she would hide in his Bosom. The generous *Peregrine* conceded this Point, and promised her faithfully he would not transgress the Limits prescribed, but act the very Virgin Bride-maid, &c. But oh, when he came to perform the Virgin Office; (for, upon the aforesaid Articles, she submitted her whole Dis-robement to his Hand) when by degrees, nearer and nearer, and all with a thousand new discover'd Beauties, he had unveild her almost to her naked Charms, Gods! what a check, what a restraint was it to the burning *Peregrine*, now all on fire, to see the reprimanding Eye of his *Urania*, (for all the while he undrest her, she aw'd him with that Look as reminded him that he was yet but a Bride-maid) debar him even the least preliminary Freedom, though not three Minutes distant from the most unbounded exalted Felicities.

When he had put her to Bed, and scarce a Minutes time had thrown him into her Arms, (for his Joys, were too Rapid to make much Ceremony in undressing himself) Oh! in what a
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Torrent of Bliss, did melting Love pour forth his highest Raptures ! In short, I can only tell my Reader, That such were the Transports, even of one short Minute, as if they resolved the Joy of an Hour should repay the Sighs of an Age ; and the long-suffering Years behind 'em be utterly forgotten. In these, I may say, almost continued Extasies between 'em (for the very Intervals of Rapture had so much Endearment as wanted but very few degrees, even of the highest Beatitude) they continued till Noon : At which time by a consenting Parly between the Amorous Combitants, it was agreed on both sides, they should Furle up the Colours, give a Cessation of Arms, and quit the Field for short Quarters of Refreshment.

Accordingly they each of them slipt on a Night Gown, &c. and retired into the Dining Room, where they made a short Repast, tho' indeed a double Banquet. For the grateful remembrance of their late mutual Joys carried so charming a Thought with it, that whether they Eat or Drank, still at the same time they feasted their very Eyes too, so many languishing Glances, and dying Looks there past between 'em ; for whilst their Lips were now other wise employ'd, they continued the Language of Love at their Eyes.

After this short Cessation of Arms, or rather Recruits for new Forces, they both returned to their Colours, viz. to Bed again ; where we'll leave 'em Engaging and Rallying, with all the open Arms and utmost Efforts of Love, till
about

about Nine at Night ; at which time making a drawn Battle between 'em, the Amorous and now Fatigu'd Combatants retired, having made a new Challenge of another select Day of meeting in the same Quarrel.

After this mutual Conquest (for both sides come off Victors in the Battles of Love) I will not enlarge upon this part of my History any more, than to tell my Reader, That the happy Pair very often met, and the Scene of Felicity, always the same Chamber in the *Temple*, where the several Meetings were little less than so many new Bridals ; for they Loved at that rate both of Ardour and Constancy, that Length of Enjoyment put out no Spark of the Fire.

In a very little time after, the fair *Urania* began to have some very apparent or rather Pregnant Symptoms, of her fulfilling the *First*, (how much soever the nicer Casuists may accuse her of breaking one of the other Commandments) viz. That Original great Work of her Creation, *Increase and Multiply* ; for she was pretty far gon with Child. At this time Summer coming on, she went up to her Country-House at *Richmond*, where the greatest part of the Week (as much as his Absence from *Change* would permit) she was Visited and Attended by her Half-Bed-fellow, (though Heaven knows not Quarter-sharer) her fond Cit.

At this Place she mannag'd a Project of contracting an Acquaintance between her Knight and her Baronet. For the Knight being a great Bowler, it was resolved that her *Peregrine* should
amongst

amongst the other crowd of Gentry, come down to *Richmond*; and by being a constant Gamester at the Bowling-green, should screw himself into a particular Familiarity with the Husband, &c. which succeeded to their Wishes. For the Baronet took several occasions of Challenging the Knight at *Rub and a good Cast*; nay, very often play'd Booty, on purpose to encourage his winning Hand; which begot such a Familiarity between 'em, that the Baronet was soon made an invited Guest to his House: Which Admission gain'd the Point.

This Initiation of a Country Friendship between 'em, opened a fair Door for his City Acquaintance too: Which gave him occasion of many publick Visits; in all which, however our young Lovers managed their Looks and Civilities so, as to give no shadow of Jealousie.

Not long after, the joyful Knight was saluted the Father (a Titular one) of a young Squire, a Son and Heir, to his no small Pride; and perhaps some little City Honour. For though, 'tis true, he had several Daughters by his first Lady, however this was the First-born Male Issue; which gain'd him perhaps a Reputation of extraordinary Prowess among the kind well-believing Gossips, to be the Father of so lusty a Boy at his Years.

The Fair young Teemer, the Mother of this young Templar (for so I may venture to call him) in less than another Year, brought forth another Branch of the same fair Fruit-full Stock, a young Daughter. At her uprising from this
last

last Labour, it happened that she was invited by her Father down to *Salisbury*, to accompany a marry'd Sister of hers, that at that time was just upon lying In of her first Child, being Married to a Gentleman of considerable Fortunes there. Though she could not well refuse such an Invitation from so near and dear a Relation ; yet it was with some Regret that she must be separated from her much dearer *Peregrine*, for at least 6 or 8 Weeks, (for she could not well propose to return much sooner.) Before her departure, she took her leave of her dear *Peregrine* at his Temple-chamber, and could not forbear a stream of Tears on so melancholy an Account, even in the very warmest Arms of Love. However, it gave them an occasion of renewing their former Vows of eternal Fidelity, it being mutually engaged between 'em, that this Parting shall be only a continued mourning time of Widowhood, till Love shall restore them to each others Arms.

The fair *Urania* was no sooner set forwards for *Salisbury*, but our City Knight had an unexpected Guest, his eldest Daughter, (bred up at a rich Aunts at *Norwich*) that came up to *London*. This young fair One, was Mistress of a more than common Portion of Beauty, an extraordinary sweet Creature, about the Age of Seventeen: And though her coming to Town, unsent for, was a little surprize to the Father, yet such a Darling of his Heart could never be Unwelcome. The true Cause
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of her coming was indeed the common Cause of the Young and Fair, *viz.* Love.

These lovely Eyes had Charm'd the Heart of a young Country Gentleman of some hundreds a Year, though possibly, at a *Smithfield* Bargain, not altogether full weighty enough, in the Worldly Ballance, answerable to what her Father was able, or indeed design'd to give her. These fair Eyes had not only darted Flames into this young Gentlemans Heart, but as generously receiv'd some little Sparks of the same Wild-fire into her own; for here was *Love for Love*, between 'em, the young Lady having contracted a very passionate Esteem for him: And to tell Truth, she had in a manner stoln up to Town, (her Lover being likewise come up with her) on purpose to watch the opportunity, under the Smiles of a tender Father, of introducing him as her profess'd humble Servant, and smoothing all the way possible to a happy nuptial Knot between 'em.

As this young Daughter arrived in the absence of her young Mother-in-law (whom yet she had not seen) it happen'd at that time that *Peregrine* came to Visit the worshipful Knight her Father. For though his dear *Urania*, the fair Charmer, that drew him to the House, was gone; however, in Prudence or rather Cunning he continued his constant Visits there; it being suppos'd, indeed by the whole Family, that the Friendship of the Knight, not the Love of the Lady was the foundation of the

Acquaintance, and which a Cessation of his customary Civility, might have render'd a matter of Wonder, if not worse, Suspicion.

I dare not say what capricious Planet reign'd, that the unfortunate *Peregrine* discover'd some extraordinary Attractions both in the Person, Air, Wit, and whole Conversation of the sweet *Angeline* (for so we'll name her) not only to a common Admiration, but to a little yet nearer Touch: For he not only saw such Charms in her Eyes, but felt 'em too. And what contributed to his daily growing Pain, who should the Knight choose out, to usher her to the Park, the Plays, the Musick-meetings, and indeed the whole Entertainments of the Town; but Sir *Peregrine*? The young Lady had had her whole Nursery in the Country, and therefore must be treated with all the Diversions of *London*; and handed round only by Sir *Peregrine*; so intire a Confidence he reposed in a Man of his Honour, and consequently trusts his best Jewel in his Hands.

This daily and almost hourly Post of Honour to attend the fair *Angeline*, in a little time put him upon a very tormenting Rack; he found himself gone almost before he felt himself going, now not only stagger'd but Faln; Not but so lost had been otherwise a Pleasure and Delight: But now his Bed of Roses, the Charms of the fair *Angeline*, has too many pricking Thorns; when Ingratitude and Infidelity stare him in the Face, and the remembrance

membrance of the wrong'd *Urania* strikes both a shame and terrour to his Soul.

His Resentments of this last Barbarity had gon a great way towards the recalling his wander'd Reason, and repairing the Breaches these fair Eyes had made through his Truth, Vows and Honour. But another more spiteful Mischief started up, which was, That at this time he had some honourable Relations come to Town, who dayly and hourly teized and tired him with the Invitations of Marriage, urging that great Argument, the Preservation of his very Name; for without Heirs, his whole Estate and Honour devolved into another Name and Family, a Collateral half Blood, the next Relation to both of 'em. Nay, some of the bolder of his Friends prest him so far, as to tell him plainly, They much feared, he play'd the private Libertine, and his refusals of such Virtuous Counsel must proceed from some secret darling Vice; the cherishing of which, would end in his double Ruin, both here and hereafter. In short, betwixt Preaching and Advising, Intreaties and Perswasions, he was at last so worried of all sides, that what with the irresistible Charms of his new Conqueror, he began to listen to the Enchantment. He consider'd too with himself the distance and hazard, and uncertain Lottery of all his Hopes of Marrying *Urania*, the Disparity of his Own and her Husbands Years, being no true Ensurance of Life; his Youth and the others Age being in the Hands of an inscrutable Power: Be-

sides, whatever gawdy Visions of Innocence the flatteries of Love might fancy in the Unlicensed Embraces of his *Urania*, 'twas much to be feared, when weighed in a higher Ballance, that Flattery would be found too light; for whatever Severity of Providence it appear'd to have that deluded Sweetness betray'd into such a fatal Wedlock; yet such was the Decree of Providence, and the great Dispenser was Absolute. And therefore in the Divine as well Humane Canons of Marriage, *Quod fieri non debet, factum valet*; and Marriage whether a Fetter or a Bracelet, is still a Bond; and consequently his happiest Embraces were all but so many Criminal Violations of Honour.

These and a hundred Reflections being made, his new Conquerour carried the Cause, and in short, he very boldly makes honourable Love to the fair *Angeline*. The young Lady was strangely startled at such an humble Servant, and how cold soever were her Denials, like Wind to Fire they only enflam'd him the more; and considering here must be Expedition in the Case before *Urania's* return; To make quicker Work of it, he Attack'd the Father, and offer'd to settle a very large Joynture, and remit all pretensions to a Portion with her. The Father who indeed, desired no better a Son-in-Law, and perhaps had contracted this intimate Conversation betwixt his Daughter and him, partly from such some hopes; very readily listen'd to so honourable a Professour, and immediately lay'd his absolute Commands upon his

his Daughter to Embrace the Happiness of such a Husband. The poor Lady was almost mortally Afflicted at that Command ; for whatever Desert she might otherwise have found in such a Lover, yet here was a Heart already disposed, and consequently not in her Power to recall.

The young Country Rival had at this time made some Tenders to the Knight as a Suitor to the fair *Angeline*, and the Lady seem'd inclinable to him ; (for 'twas agreed between 'em not to own any Pre engagement, fearing it might breed ill Blood, and be interpreted an Invasion of his paternal Authority, in daring to contract Love, and the Father not called to the Consult.) But whatever Inclinations the Father might otherwise have had towards this Country Pretender, from that Minute that *Peregrine* set up for an Addressor, he would not so much as hear him Named. The whole Dead weight was on this side, and the Baronet intirely weigh'd down the Squire ; and therefore 'tis resolved, that nothing but Sir *Peregrine* must, and shall be the favour'd Lover, the Husband Elect ; and consequently the fair *Angeline* is bid to prepare without any dispute for a Ladyship, &c.

The poor Lady in this Distress, endeavour'd all that was possible to Fence and Sheild against this impending Storm : She beg'd the cruel *Peregrine* with wet Eyes and almost bended Knees, to desist his hopeless Suit. 'Tis true, she durst not tell him plainly her Heart was not her own, because she would not, and indeed

durst not, trust a Secret of that Importance to a Rival, as dreading some fatal use that might be made of it, if told to a resenting Father. And though the Baronet was otherwise a Man of great Honour, yet still as all Hostilities are thought Lawful in Rivalship, she durst not put such a dangerous Discovery into his Power.

All these continued Repulses, could not daunt our bold Lover, who still pursues the flying Fair, being resolved to push on the Siege, as invincible as she seem'd to hold out against him; till at last the young Lady Persecuted by Love on one Hand, and Commands on the other (for Reasons that the sequel of our Story will discover) received the adoring *Peregrine* with a little kinder Aspect; nay, made him those advances of her Favour, that in three days more Courtship she struck the Flag, and received him as the Conqueror.

I will not describe the Triumphs the happy *Peregrine* made, upon so charming a Victory, the Glory of which was not a little heightened by the opposition and obstinacy he met in his first Assaults; it is enough to tell you, That the yeilding Lady on her part, to caress the Man, she has now made happy; having now no reserves of Coyness or Coldness, told him very kindly, That it was her Duty now to contribute every thing in her Power to their mutual future Happiness; and therefore she must communicate one extraordinary Secret to him, which was, That her Father, whatever

ever his outward Aspect, or rather Disguise to the World might be, was in his Heart, the most hearty and unshaken Zealot for King *James*, possibly in the Kingdom: That as her *Peregrine* (for now she'll call him so) was already a Favourite so near his Bosom, and in a little time might be yet nearer, she thought that nothing could be more adviseable for him, than to take some private opportunity of caressing her Father upon that Subject; for as much as her Father already Loved and Honour'd him, there could be no excess in Love: And it would only make the Bonds the more inviolable, and the approaching Alliance yet more grateful, if he should let drop any Expressions of his own Inclinations that way, to transport him with that new Satisfaction and Pleasure, *viz.* That he was like to have a Son-in-Law of his own Principle and Constitution, &c.

The kind *Peregrine* received this generous Information with a hundred Thanks, and promised there should be sought a very speedy opportunity of obeying her Commands. 'Tis true, as he might open his Soul to his dear *Angeline*, he confest, that his Pulse beat very little that way; However that was but a civil Complaisance to strain a Point, upon so important an Account as the endearing in all kinds a Person, whom he had so many Obligations of the highest Duty to Respect and Honour.

Peregrine, who very wisely, was for imbracing the first smiling Minute that offer'd so fair for Happiness, immediately attended the

Knight, with some *Io peans* of his Conquest, and then desired his permission of engaging his Lawyer with the first expedition of drawing the Joynture; all which you may imagine was gratefully accepted and granted by the Joyful *Don Senior*. And the very next Night the Baronets gay Coach and Livery were order'd to attend the Aldermans Door, to invite him forth to his Man of Law at his Chambers in the new Square in *Gray's-Inn*; where coming about 20 Minutes before the Hour appointed, the Clerk received them with a great deal of Respect, told them his Master was ready within call, at another Brothers of the Robe in the Inn, from whence he was commanded to call him; and therefore desired their Pardon for a Moments Patience, till he could fetch his Master.

Peregrine now remembering his dear *Angeline's* last Commands, and this being the first private opportunity, himself and the Knight being then all alone in a large Chamber, began first to tell him how Blest he should be in the Embraces of so charming a Creature as the fair *Angeline*, and not only so but doubly Blest in the Alliance to a Family of such true Worth and Virtue.

For Sir, continued he, believe me 'tis no little pleasure to my Soul to think that this happy Knot will tye me so near to a Person of that more than common Merit and Character, that his Loyalty shines equal, nay, if possible, beyond his other Virtues. My Loyalty!

alty ! reply'd the Alderman. Yes Sir (interrupted he) I know you honour our great Master, are a true and pious Mourner for his Wrongs; and if the Infinite Goodness would but graciously please to withdraw his too long Indignation that hangs Lourcing o'er these poor Kingdoms, and restore our dear Prince to his Throne——Lord Sir, answer'd the Knight, what do you mean ! (holding up his Hands in an Amazement :) Nay Sir, reply'd the Baronet, I see you are surpriz'd, I know I have crept into the secrets of your Heart; but never doubt your ever obedient humble Servant; my Silence shall keep a very faithful Key to so rich a Cabinet. And to secure you, my Discovery shall never turn to your prejudice in so sacred a Trust: I beseech you to rest satisfied that I am as nearly related to your Virtues, at least in that Point, as I hope I shall be to your Blood. For to deal plainly with you, not to be vain of what's no more than my Duty; there is not that honest Subject in the Nation, more in the Interests of that unfortunate Prince than my self; and when that blessed Day shall come when I may shew the World——Here Mr. Lawyer came in, and broke off the Discourse; when the Baronet calling for the Writings, they were immediately brought out of his Closet, all ready for Signing and Sealing.

When the Writings were produced, the first Word the Knight Spoke was to ask the Lawyer, what the Writings must cost.——

Cost !

Cost! Sir, answered the Son Elect, a little amaz'd. Ay Cost! (says the Don) the Purchase of 'em I mean: I suppose Mr. Lawyer must have his Fee; Law and Gospel are both Goods and Chattels that must be Bought and Pay'd for, as Justice and Divinity go now. The Knight still prest the Lawyer to tell him what he must have for the Writings; for no Man shall pay for 'em but himself.—*Per.* Lord bless me Sir! What do you mean?—*Kt.* Lord bless us all, for 'tis a very wicked World we now live in. Once more Mr. Lawyer, what must I pay you? *Lawy.* Nay Sir, since 'tis your pleasure, I deserve Five Pounds.—*Kt.* Let every Man have his Deserts, I say, and give the Gallows her due.—*There's your Mony* (throwing down five Guineas.) *And here's your Joynture* (throwing it upon the Fire, and stamping his Foot upon it.) *Marry my Daughter to a Son of Belial, a Tory, a Rapparee, a Jacobite! What do you see in my Face! And what have I seen in yours, to be thus long deluded! What a false Snake have I all this while lodged in my Bosom! Look you Sir Peregrine, or Sir Monster, which is your properer Title, I defy your Devil, your Pope, your French King, and all their Works: And henceforward pray take care to follow your great Jacobite Leader, and abdicate my House and Family; for I am a Magistrate, an Alderman, and a Justice of the Peace; and I shall make bold to tell you, My Roof harbours no Rebels; and there's a great House near Snow-Hill fitter for you.*

The

The poor *Peregrine* was absolutely Thunder-struck at all this irruption of Fire and Vengeance, and could hardly return a word; but indeed the Alderman stop'd his Mouth, for he would hear nothing. And so bolting out of the Room, with his Hands up to Heaven, and this short Ejaculation, *From Sedition, Conspiracy and Rebellion, good Lord deliver us*; he called a Hackney Coach, and drove home like a *Jehu*.

The very first Out-cry he made, was to call his dear *Angeline*, and to tell her the whole Story; what a Deliverance she had, and what Ruin she had escaped. The poor Lady fell upon her Knees, and thanked Heaven for her Preservation: And just in the height of his whole Triumph for so happy a Discovery of the Cloven-foot, the Fiend, the Lucifer, the Jacobite, and what not! Who should luckily enter, but the poor discarded *Norfolk* Squire, who laying hold of so favourable a Minute, renew'd his Addresses of Love with that success, that before they parted, the old Spark very frankly received him into Favour, and admitted him a Servant to his Daughter; and in three Days time the Planets of Love so smil'd upon them, that Portion, Settlement, Joynture, and the whole Match was concluded to the young Couple's no little Satisfaction, and no common Joys between 'em.

The very next Day the fair (I may say) almost forgotten Traveller, return'd from *Sarum*. Her first Entertainment, after a conjugal Salu-

Salutation from her Knight, and the Embraces of her fair Daughter-in-Law, was the whole Story at full length of Sir *Peregrine's* Defeat, and the fair *Angeline's* Triumph. The poor Lady was ready to sink Dead at the Relation; which the Alderman observing, the Lady excused her change of Colour by telling him, She did not believe there could be such Incarnate Devils in the World; and was sorry to think a Man of such profest Honour as Sir *Peregrine*, should be such a Monster. This encouraged the Knight to finish the whole Narrative, which you may imagine was set forth in the blackest Hew; till the poor *Urania* was forced to feign an Indisposition, to get a little Privacy with her *Fidelia*, (who Travelling with her Lady to *Sarum*, was as great a stranger to what had happen'd at *London* as her Mistress) to vent her just Resentments against the Infidelity and Apostacy of the perjur'd *Peregrine*. I will not describe the Agonies the poor Lady felt at this Occasion; when just at this interim, comes a Messenger to *Fidelia* with a Letter from Sir *Peregrine*, who, poor Gentleman, under no little Shame and Confusion, desired the favour of speaking with her at his Lodgings. Her Mistress at first, would very hardly consent to let even a Servant of hers, hold any Correspondence with so much Barbarity, Ingratitude and Falshood: But her Maid requesting that favour of hearing what the poor Gentleman had to say for himself, at last she obtain'd her Mistress's leave of calling upon him the morrow Morning.

In the mean while this very Evening, by a particular Commission from his fair *Angeline*, our young *Norfolk* Lover, was sent to the Baronets Chamber to make a piece of an Apology for the innocent Imposture she had put upon him, &c. The young Lover found him within, and accordingly beg'd his Excuse for the Message that the fair *Angeline's* Commands had enjoyn'd him to deliver. The Baronet very readily lent his Attention, when the Squire as frankly told him his whole Engagements and Contracts with that young Lady at *Norwich*; and though otherwise he had all the Reason in the World to dread so formidable a Rival as the honourable Sir *Peregrine*; yet the fair *Angeline* being all Truth and Virtue, 'twas to that only Obligation he owed the Conservation of her Heart, and the approaching Felicities he was now going to receive in her Bridal Embraces: However, she had a little Trouble and Shame lay upon her, to think how she had been forced to such a piece of feminine Artifice and Delusion imposed upon a Person of such Desert as Sir *Peregrine*; nevertheless, she besought his Pardon for a Fault, so much the more Venial, as being really no other than a Stratagem of *Virtue*, to countertermine the Cruelty of a commanding Father, and to Fence against so powerful an Invader as Sir *Peregrine*. In short, 'twas in the Cause of *Truth* and *Love*; and if there could be an innocent Fraud, she hoped he would excuse it as such; desiring him to believe, That she should
ever

ever carry a very great Esteem and Veneration for a Person of his Quality, that had honour'd her with that Love which she was no ways worthy of, and which she hoped would soon find a fairer and more deserving Object.—— The Baronet very civilly returned Answer, That the young Lady was highly commendable for that Cardinal Virtue *TRUTH* in *LOVE*; and he heartily wish'd he had been as great a Master of that Perfection himself. As for his part he heartily forgave the fair De-luder, on so honourable an Account; and had no Resentment left against her, but only, That she was a little too unkind in so far doubting his Honour, as not to dare to trust him with the secret of her Pre-engagement; declaring that if she had given him the least hint of such a Confession, as well in Tendernefs both to her Peace and Vows, he should have thought himself in all Duty Bound, though with never so much Pain to himself, to desist from so unjust a Persecution. For as much a Jacobite as the Lady had made him; he had a little more Tendernefs to *Right* and *Property*, and more Veneration for *Oaths* and *Contracts*, than to admit of a Dispensing Power. And therefore he heartily wishes her Joy in the Disposal of her Hand and Heart, by a more rightful Title, to his happy, though never so much envy'd, Rival.

The next Morning *Fidelia* came to wait upon him, where (to shorten my Story) he desired her to be the faithful Messenger of his whole

whole Pains, Confusion and Horrors to the wrong'd *Urania*; relating at full length the whole Persecution of his tiresome Relations, that had hurried and plung'd him into all this Infidelity: For which he beg'd a thousand of Pardons, humbly beseeching the injur'd *Urania* to make her self the *Phoenix* of her Sex, by a Mercy and Forgiveness extended to so hainous a Transgressor, &c.

Several other Conferences past between *Peregrine* and *Fidelia*, before his Tears and Penitence could prevail (in which the kind *Fidelia* was a hearty Intercessour) to obtain a sight of the fair *Urania*, which after three Weeks Prayers was granted him. At their meeting the poor *Peregrine* so trembled at the sight of her, and fell into that melting Passion, as to even Unman himself. The generous *Urania* not to triumph over a blushing Shame, gave him very few Reprimands; only told him it was a degenerate World; and she was Sorry, that there was not a perfect Character in it; *Peregrine* was the Man of the Creation she thought came the nearest to a Perfection, but there are Spots even in the Sun; and even that *Peregrine* has his Faults. This generous Rebuke toucht him so near, and so charm'd him, that if possible, he discover'd new Graces in her Eyes: For whether his Repentance inflamed him to a warmer Devotion; or that the reparation of Injuries oblig'd him to a treble satisfaction, the sense of his Infidelity only heightened his Adoration; and never was *Urania* so lovely

lovely as now. The Breach in his Faith that the unhappy *Angeline* had made, was now no more than a divided Water, where the Dam was broke down, the Torrents rejoyn'd ; and not so much as a Mark of the separation remain'd.

This the amorous *Peregrine* endeavour'd by an hundred Protestations to convince her ; and though Protestations, she had but too much Reason to remember, had been only *Sampson's* Cords ; however, he besought her to enjoyn him a Pennance though never so severe, that might wash him White again ; which he would Obey without a Murmur or Dispute.

Then reply'd the fair *Urania*, I take you at your Word ; from this Hour forward never ask me a forbidden Favour. If you can live contented within the Bounds of Virtue, and make that noble Test of your Love, as to quit all Libertine Pretentions whatsoever, I'll believe you that passionate Convert you profess your self, and from this Minute Sign your Pardon. Nor believe 'tis my Cruelty that pronounces this Sentence: No *Peregrine*, 'tis my Kindness. Love Innocently, dear *Peregrine*, and be happy ; for 'tis they only can hope for Blessings who deserve them. Madam, reply'd the sighing *Peregrine*, I embrace my Doom ; to atone my Ingratitude, and merit my Pardon from you, I'll give you Proofs beyond Professions. For from this Day forward, I'll Love my divine *Urania* for the Glory of Love ;
I'll

I'll serve without Pay, and run the whole Race of Truth without the Reward. Grant me but now and then a Meeting Eye, and sometimes a melting Lip, just enough to keep a starving Wretch alive; and till the Seal of Heaven shall make you mine (for sure Heavens pitying Ear will hear at last) I'll never ask you more. Here the kind *Urania* pour'd forth a hundred grateful Thanks for so noble a Profession; and cherish'd her dear *Peregrine's* virtuous Resolution with all the tenderest Arguments imaginable, and now desired of him her Pardon, as she had granted him his; beg'd him to forget the past Frailties that so bewitching a Seducer had extorted from her; and look forwards to a Beam of that smiling Providence, which would one Day amply pay their Patience and their Sufferings.

To conclude, these mutual Articles were Ratified, and as infrigibly performed: *Peregrine* continued above half a Year in Town, contenting himself with the innocent Visits of his dear *Urania*; and at last the Importunities of his Friends giving him new Solicitations and Troubles upon the old hated Argument, Marriage; to be rid of their tiresome Impertinence, he resolved to go a Volunteer for *Flanders*; a Divorce not a little mourn'd by the tender *Urania*: However, as it was all for her sake, she submitted to the generous Cause that carry'd himthither.

Here *Peregrine* made *Glory* his *Angeline*, viz. his new Mistress, and continued Three whole

Campaigns without one Return for *England*: In all which time a great many tender Letters past between 'em, which was the whole Cameleon Food, that both their Loves had now to live upon.

From this last Campaign, instead of taking up his Winter Quarters in *Flanders*, he took a Ramble round the Provinces of *Holland*, and visited the Capital Cities of that High and Mighty Common-wealth; where his short stay at any one Place, not permitting the continuance of Letters from his *Urania*, it was six Weeks since he last heard from her; however, he resolves to make himself amends by Transporting himself from the *Brill* to *Harwich*, and give himself the Blessing of those fair Eyes, after so long a Separation.

Upon the Road near *London*, it was his fortune to meet a Hearse in great Pomp going down into the Country, the Arms of whose Scutcheons he had somewhere remembred; his Curiosity therefore led him to enquire of the Black-robed Attendants, whose Honourable Remains of Mortality they were, so Usher'd with all this Mourning Cavalcade; to which the Answer was made him, 'Twas such a Right Worshipful deceased Merchant and Alderman of the City of *London*, whose Corps were carrying to *Normich*. Good Heaven! reply'd the transported *Peregrine*, in an extasie to himself, the Husband of *Urania*! Is the Usurper, the Tyrant Dead! In fine, this surprizing News
put

put Spurs to his Horse, and Wings to his Love to Post him to *London*.

The Laws of Widowhood were not so rigid, but such a Visitant might gain Admission, even to a Closet Mourner: For he took no longer time than to put himself into a Funeral Weed, before he visited the lovely Mourner. I need not tell you how her Mourning became her; but you may easily believe that this ruefull Dress was the true Habit of Night; for on this Occasion, to *Peregrine's* Eyes, it had all the Stars of the Firmament.

'Tis much to be suspected that this Visit of *Peregrine's* after near three Years Absence might add a new Current to the wet Eyes of the fair Afflicted, only from a different Fountain, viz. Tears of Joy. And truly to do the fair Mourner Right, she divided her respective Gratitude to the Living and the Dead; and as far as the decency of her Sable and Cypress would permit, she was not wanting in a suitable Welcome to such a Visitant. As for *Peregrine's* part, he made bold in a very little time to joyn his Compliments of Congratulation with those of Condolence, to Wayle her for what she had lost, a *Husband*; and Joy her for what she had found, *Liberty*. And now the days of Widowhood move with slow Hours and tedious Sands to the impatient *Peregrine*; he fancies a few Months Dispensation might be very pardonable in her Mourning Ceremony; for to say Truth, the fair *Urania* her self can hardly deny but the three whole last Years have

been a sort of a Widowhood ; and indeed the whole conjugal Fires between the Knight and the Lady, her happy *Peregrine* has this pleasure to believe have burnt but faintly ; for he has the satisfaction of seeing the fair Fruit of her first two Years, in a young Heir and Heiress (*viz.* under his own warm Reign) and a whole Barren Field for the three last, under the Usurpers colder Administration. Nay, he could not forbear telling the lovely Widow, That she ought in pure Charity, if only to those two pretty Infants, to throw off her Veil a little sooner than ordinary ; for really it was a little regret to him, that these two young Praters might not call him Father yet. Ah *Peregrine*, reply'd the fair Mourner with half a Smile, those two young Praters as you call 'em, may please You when they call You Father ; but by some very shrewd Signs in their Faces, I fear they'll shame Me when they call You so. In fine, the languishing *Peregrine* had so many Turtle murmurs to make at the slow Approaches of his long wish'd Felicity, that the poor Lady was forced to take him to Mercy in the half way Stage, *viz.* in bare six Months Widowhood ; when the now truly and compleatly happy *Peregrine*, fulfills all his Vows in the consecrated Knot, the bridal Embraces of his *Urania*, and Possesses the whole Joys of Life, in Loves fair Bed of Honour.

INTRIGUE IV.

A young spruce *Linnen Draper*, not long set up, took a Ramble in a long Vacation as far as *Newberry*. Here he fell in Love with a very pretty young Virgin Gentlewoman; and made all the passionate Addresses imaginable: Not that the young Girl cou'd have any Aversion to his Person; however the Conquest was not so easily to be accomplish'd, as in that short time his Business in *London* wou'd permit his stay in the Country; besides there were Friends in the Case, who must now be satisfied too, in his more substantial Merit, than that of his outward Appearance, to carry such a Beauty, and such a Fortune.

Being forced up to Town, he continued his Addresses by very ingenious Letters twice or thrice a Week, for near four Months; in which her Relations having duly inquired into his worldly Capacities, and the young Lady extremely delighted with such eloquent Black and White, having entertain'd a very tender Thought for him; the Marriage was soon after consummated, and the Lady seated a fair Citizen's Wife in a very rich Shop in *Cheapside*.

This young Bridegroom, contrary to our foregoing Histories, in a manner, kept open House to all the young Beaus of the Town, as being naturally so vain of his own personal Accomplishments, (for indeed he was a very handsome Man) that he fear'd no danger from the most formidable Rival; and consequently no Company nor no Entertainments, publick or otherwise, were debarred her; rather Priding himself in so many dayly Visitants, as he thought cou'd rather prove so many envious Spectators, than Invaders of his Felicity, which Thought was his no small Delight and Titillation.

The young Lady, 'tis true, was a very fond and dutifull Household-dove; not that she wanted a Cage to keep her so: Rather the Freedom he allowed her, made a stronger impression of Love and Confirmation of her Fidelity, according to the true Saying,

No Obligation binds so fast as Trust.

Being a very Airy, Facetious and Ingenious Woman, she was more Charm'd with Wit, than any other Perfection and Conversation, and had made this Observation upon her Husband, viz. That she thought him much more Eloquent at his Pens-end, than his Tongues; for, reflecting upon his Wooing Letters, she thought there was a great deal more Ingenuity in the Air of his Writing, than that of his Discourse, tho' that too was not disagreeable.

How-

However, as lovingly as they lived together, a Mischance fell out, that one day prying into a Closet, of her Husbands, she found in a small Desk (which through negligence he had left open) a bundle of Papers tied up together, which her Curiosity inviting her to read, she found 'em all to be the Originals of her Husbands Letters to her, and all in a strange Hand, which presently confirmed her, that all the Ingenuity that had Conquer'd her, was only a Crutch to a Cripple, an Assistant Supporter from some abler Pen-man's Hand than his own.

You cannot imagine what a mortifying damp this struck: An hundred untowardly Reflections presently started up, not much to his Advantage; to think what notorious Cheats the World was Guilty of; and that a Man who had such a little stock of Wit of his own, as she now plainly found he had, should be so Impudent as to borrow abroad so egregiously as he had done. Nay, she could not forbear reflecting, even upon the very Discovery it self, as almost a greater Crime than the other, concluding it a piece of Folly, of the two the more unpardonable: For though a Blockhead might borrow help on so important an occasion as the winning a Mistress; yet the keeping those Originals, those Testimonies and Records of his own Witless shame, was such incorrigible Stupidity as not to be match'd.

In short, from this Discovery she conceiv'd so poor and despicable a Thought of him, (such is the Caprice of Woman) as at last grew up

to a downright Aversion to him. Not that she publish'd her Resentments, or outwardly made any change in her Conversation, or seeming Respect towards him: But this was the more dangerous Rancour, far above any such trivial Womans Anger that vents it self in a few pcevish Words. No, she began in a manner absolutely to loath him; and if she forced her self to any Complacence or Civility towards him, 'twas only to carry on a more formidable Revenge, as so notorious an Injury she thought deserved; for Imposture and Villany were the most favourable names she cou'd give so poor a Delusion, thinking it the most barbarous Imposition for Woman of her Wit and Sense to be so Snared and Trapaned into the Embraces of a Fool.

What Execution this Wedlock Revenge, this Feminine Malice propense must end in, the Reader may guess. For performance of which Revenge Occasion daily offer'd, in very plentiful choice of Visitants, all her humble Servants, and none but wou'd have been proud of so fair a Lady's Favours, had she but made the least advance towards the Encouragement of such a Presumption. However, though she made so unlucky a choice of a Husband, she was resolv'd to be more curious and more cautious in choosing a Gallant; for if she play'd the Wanton it should be there, where her wants at home (*viz.* Wit and Sense) cou'd be more amply furnish'd abroad. Now it happen'd that one bold Spark among the rest, a frequent Guest in the Family, took the opportunity one day to make downright and hearty Love to her, which the Lady (for the

the foregoing Reasons) not much reprimanding, she made answer, That truly if ever she vouchsafed to confer her good Graces upon any Man, it must be where she found Wit as well as other Charms to deserve 'em; and of which she must have very evident Proofs too.

The young Lover highly pleased with such a Declaration, and upon further Harangue between 'em upon this Text, finding what sort of Abilities in that Faculty would best prevail; frankly told her, that if that was the Introduction to her Favours, he hoped he might stand as fair for that Happiness, as any of his Rivals: for though it did not so well become him, to magnify his own Parts, yet since he had no other Test for his Qualifications to her Smiles, he was the more confident to tell her, he pretended to some little Talent of Wit, as being indeed a Brother of the Muses: For in short he profest himself a Poet.

A Poet, reply'd the Lady, mightily pleased, Poetry! the only Wit in the World she delighted in: She had made it the whole Study of her Youth, having indeed neglected both the Needle and the Dancing-school, for the diversions and improvement from her *Cowley*, her *Dorinda*, her *Dryden* and what not, &c. In fine, it came to this Issue, he should give her Demonstration in that only Point of Merit, and then trust to her Goodness to reward it.

Then, Madam, I'll tell you, replies the Spark, not a little elevated with his prospect of Felicity: I am a Member of the honourable
So-

Society of Archers, a fair Regiment upon occasion, to grace a Lord Mayors Day. Now we had a good old Knight, a famous Archer, call'd Sir *William Wood*, sometimes our Servant as the Marshal of our Company, who lately dying, the Company were pleased to give him a very honourable Interment in *Clarkenwell* Church-yard, with three Flights of whistling Arrows over his Grave. Nay, resolving likewise to bestow a Monument upon him too, we set a Town Poet, a Fellow that makes it his Bread, to write him an Epitaph; which if you please, I'll recite you as follows :

An Epitaph on Sir *W. Wood*.

Here just his own Bowes length, e'ne five Foot deep,
Does old Sir *W. Wood* take his last Sleep;
A Bow-man famous, and a Marks-man bold,
As ever hit the conquering Point of Gold:
Till that grim Archer, whose keen Shaft of Fate,
Ne're Shoots but once, but still aims sure, tho' late;
Made both the Targetteer and Target yield,
And conquer'd even the Captain of the Field.
However, poor Sir William ne're repine;
Thy Bowe and Quiver with Content resign.
Tho' from Twelvescore now pent to six Foot room;
Yet, if thy last bold Shot has but reach'd home,
And in the Stars thy mounting Soul but ligh't,
It is the fairest Mark thou e're cou'd'st hit.

Now, Madam, continues the young Archer,
this insipid dull Stuff was offer'd us by this Hack-
ney

ney Scribler. But, Madam, to shew you how much more Acute the Air of a Gentleman is, that Writes for his Diversion, above a Hireling Scribler ; these following Lines are of my Composition ; *Ex pede Hercules* : But I should not talk Latin to Ladies. By this Sample you'll guess at my Poetical Talent.

S I R William Wood lies very near this Stone ;
*In's time, in Archery excell'd by none :
 Few were his Equals ; and that noble Art,
 Has suffer'd now in the most tender Part.
 Long did he Live, the Honour of the Bowe,
 And his long Life, to that alone did owe.
 But how can Art secure, or what can save,
 Extreme old Age, from an appointed Grave ?
 Surviving Archers much his Loss lament,
 And in respect, bestow'd this Monument :
 Where whistling Arrows did his worth Proclaim,
 And eterniz'd his Memory and Name.*

Lady. Well Sir, and this piece of Heroick was a fair Issue of yours ? *Gent.* All my own I assure you. *Lady.* And made choice by the whole Body Corporate for Sir William's Monument. *Gent.* All in Capitals I can assure you. But dear Madam your Judgment ? *Lady.* Then to tell you my frank Opinion upon it, Your learned Doctors of Archery and my Sentiments are quite different. I thank my kind Stars, I never desire to hear a more Senseless pack of Rhime, (for Poetry I dare not call it) then this Heroical Wit-sample of yours, as you are pleased to Style it : In
the

the first place, [*In's time in Archery*] is such a Botch, and [*Lament*] and [*Monument*] two such wretched Tags of Verse, that a lower Form Boy at *Westminster* would be whipt for. Then for [*His owing his long Life only to his Bowe*] 'tis next door to Atheism. Did nothing but his Bowe (no God ha mercy Providence) preserve him alive to the Age of Eighty Two? And then did your *whistling Arrows* eternize his Memory? A very low-prized Immortality, if a never dying Name can be purchased so cheap, as three Flights of School-boys Arrows. Besides, in my little Sense, *Immortal Names* are obtained by our own Merits, not by other Folks; and so how your Arrows eternized him, is something unaccountable. In fine, Sir, your Company of Archers have more Pretensions to the Feather than the Quill; and truly Sir, as to your own Genius in Poetry, 'tis a little Kin to the Head of one of your own Arrows, the Leaden end of it.

Well, this shallow Dabler in *Helicon*, is none of the *Apollo* for her Lute; he has play'd the *Sir Martin*, and marr'd all. But in some few Days after, a very ingenious young Spark, a celebrated Wit, made his Addresses with better success, whilst about ten Days Courtship carried the Lady. And whatever Titillation, whether of Revenge or Love, or both together heightned her Raptures, he was such a darling Gallant, that never was Passion, Endearments and Caresses so fond as hers. This Intrigue continued in its full Zenith for about three Months; at which time a young Cozen of hers, a Country Gentleman, near *Newberry*, had a Father dy'd, who left him Heir to
above

above a 1000 l. *per Annum*. This young Gentleman in his miserable Fathers days, was bred up more like a Slave, than such an Heir; if he could read English 'twas all, but he could not write his own Name: And in truth, tho' otherwise a comely Person, he had no over-great Portion of Sense, and less of Literature. This Cozen had a handsome Sister with a considerable Fortune; now our Lady's own Brother, a Neighbour of this rich Cozen and Heir, (his Country Seat not three Miles off him) made Love to this She-cozen; and to expedite his Amour, had requested his fair City Sister, to come down into the Country, to be a Spokes-woman for him; she to Court the Brother (for her Fortunes were in his Hands) whilst he Courted the Sister, and all to make sure work in the Match by Ploughing with the fair Heifer. Her Husband he was as fond of sending down his Wife upon such an Errand, as the Brother cou'd, and immediately lay'd his Commands upon her to post away in the Name of *Cupid*, a kind Advocate to the young Spark on her Brothers behalf.

The Lady who could no ways refuse this Negotiation, met her Lover at his Chamber, taking her leave with her kindest Embraces, mixt with a Deluge of Tears for this cruel Divorce; complaining most piteously, to think how she must leave such Wit, such charming Conversation, and all that was dear in the World, to go to Court a Fool, a Dunce, an illiterate Blockhead. But 'tis her hard fate, and she must submit; and promising him her speediest return, she conjured him to believe she left her Soul behind her; and that the Absent days she now borrow'd from his Arms, should be repaid with Interest; for nothing in the World should be so faithful as she, and as nothing ever parted with so much Sorrow, so nothing should equal the Joys of her return.

The

The Lady accordingly sets forward the next Morning for *Newberry*, where in less than a Fortnights time she so gain'd the Ascendent of the Country Squire, that the Match was concluded, solemnized, and what not? However, here was no News of her return; her very Husbands Commands could not drag her back again; some Excuse or another was made to all his Letters, insomuch that 14 Weeks past before she saw *London* again. And who should Gallant her to Town, but the Country Squire? The poor Lover at *London*, who had thus long languish'd for her, amongst the rest of the Congratulators, came to welcome her happy return; where the brisk Lady loudly laughing with her Country Cozen, rose up from her Seat, dropt him a short Courtesie, turn'd him her Check for a Salute, and then squatted down into her Chair again, to finish her Laugh with the Squire. The poor *Celadon* (for that's his Name) was strangely surprized at this cold Reception; and it was three Weeks (she was so danced abroad by the Squire) before he cou'd obtain one private Word with her: When all she had to say, was, That she had bid adieu to all such Vanities, had taken an unalterable Resolution of dispensing no more Favours; not that any scruple of Virtue, or fit of Conscience (for that particular Question was ask'd her) had been the Cause; but such a Resolution was taken, and never to be retracted: Her Friendship was at his Service, but beyond that he must expect no more. The poor *Celadon*, who otherwise Master of a great deal of Wit, however was Fool enough to be strangely concern'd at this amazing Change.

He would not willingly believe the Squire had out-rival'd him, the whole gay Humour possibly on that side being the effect of the late new and nearer Alliance between the Families. Matters held thus, two Months, when Letters came out of the Country from the new Couple, to invite their Sister down
again

again, for 6 or 8 Weeks, in the Country ; which Request was so seconded by the Cozen, that two Places were taken in the Stage Coach for the Lady and the Squire.-----The Day before their Journey a great deal of Company were invited to Dinner to take their Leave, &c. Amongst the Crowd, *Celadon* made one ; at Dinner the Lady was strangely out of Humour : For her Cozen had been gone a Week down to *Chelmsford* to Visit a Knight his Relation, and had promised her to return three Days ago ; and therefore she was certain he was come to some Mischeif. Answer was made by some of the Company, That 'twas but 25 Miles, and the Knight undoubtedly knew of his Journey to Morrow, and would not part with him till the last Day he had to stay in *London*. All this would not satisfy her, for he had promised her to be in Town, and 'twas not Knights nor Lords could make him break his promise with her. *Celadon*, who heard all this had a sudden Fancy came into his Head, upon which he pretended some earnest Business, that would hold him half an Hour ; at which time he would return to the Company, who were pretty forward in a chearful Glais. He immediately posted to a Scrivener, and made him write a Letter to the Husband in the Squires Name, to this purpose : That by an unhappy fall from his Horse, between *Chelmsford* and *Burntwood*, he had broke his right Arm ; that he was under Cure with such a Physitian ; that he desired his She-cozen would continue her intended Favour to her Brother and Sister at *Newberry* ; that he doubted not in a very short time to Kiss her fair Hand, being in the mean time her humble Servant and Cripple.

This he gave to a Porter whom he well pay'd ; ordering him to bring it almost half a quarter of an Hour after him, and say it came up by such a Carrier. *Celadon* immediately posted back to his Company, and the

the Porter came soon after him, and gave the Letter as instructed. When it was publickly read in the Dining-room, the Lady fell downright raving, *The Villain*, naming the Knights Name, *had made her dear Cozen drunk; which had thrown him from his Horse; that he was in his young Blood; 'twould cast him into a Fever, cost him his Life, and she should never see him more.* The Husband himself cry'd out Shame against this Extravagant Passion, telling her, He himself had his Arm broke ten Years ago, and was not Dead yet. No, says she, *The Devil can't Kill you;* and so bolted away from the Company, and lock'd her self up in her Closet; where the Husband (resenting the Slight she put upon his Friends) broke open the Door, and forced her back again. Here she endeavour'd to compose her Looks, though Sullen ones; when some of the Company, discanting upon who should write the Letter, the Lady made Answer, *Whoever wrote it, no matter, I am sure 'twas of his Dictating, the Style is so Witty.*

She had scarcely made answer, when the Squire came in, excusing the resitless Command of the *Chelmsford* Knight, who in spite of his Promise had forcibly detain'd him thus long. He had not time to speak half his Speech, before the Lady had flew into his Arms, and kist him over and over, wondering to see him safe return'd, and all his Bones whole. The Squire was strangely alarmed at this salute; but the Letter being produced, it was made a Jest to every one round but *Celadon*, who had now unridled all. None in the Company could guess at the Author of this Letter; but the Lady singling out *Celadon*, sitting alone in the corner of the Room, pass'd negligently by him, and dropt this Half-whisper in his Ear, *'Twas you writ this Letter.* No, Madam, reply'd *Celadon*, *it can be none but your Squires, the Style is so Witty.*

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